

# Wrestler<sup>THE</sup>

**BLOODBATH  
OF THE YEAR!!!**

**27 FALLS ... ONE HOUR AND 44  
MINUTES OF GORY TERROR!**



**BONUS FEATURES:**

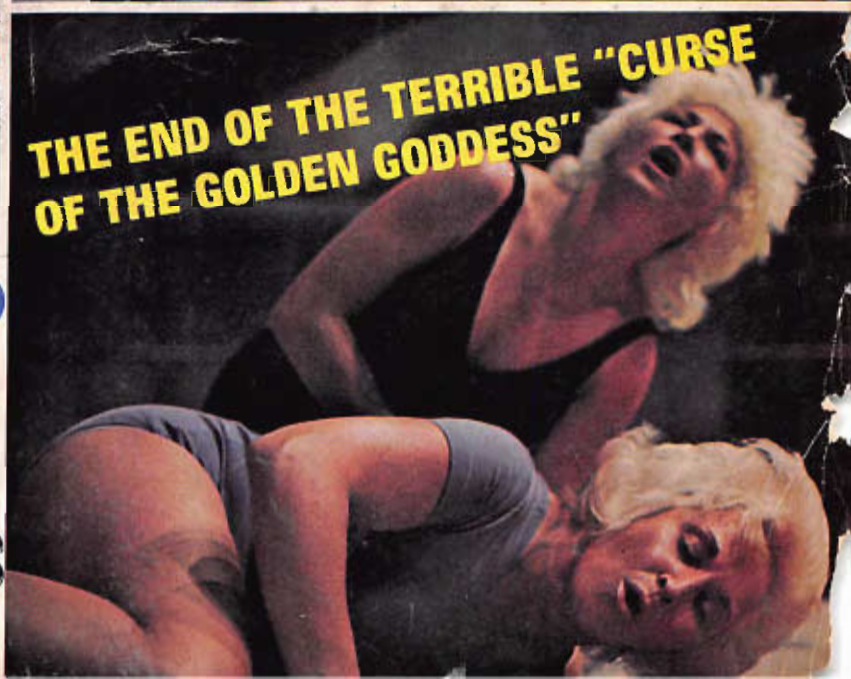
**THE SHEIK'S BLOODY  
SCORECARD**

**HANDSOME JIM VALIANT'S  
OWN PHOTO ALBUM!**

**BOBBY HEENAN'S  
BLOODY OBSESSION!**



**THE END OF THE TERRIBLE "CURSE  
OF THE GOLDEN GODDESS"**





JOE WEIDER  
PRESENTS

# THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!



## 1 MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE  
IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98

**GUARANTEE:** If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms... more muscles on your chest... broader shoulders... wider back... a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER Now, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



### FREE!

Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

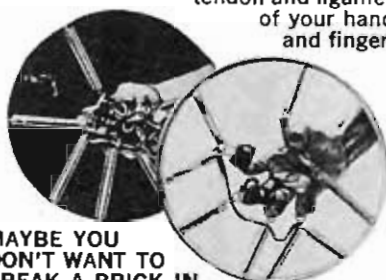
**EXTRA BONUS GIFT:** 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$9.98**  
WITH COURSE



## 2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.98 postpaid.

**MY GUARANTEE TO YOU:** You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—IN 30 DAYS—or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! FEAR NO MAN!



### FREE

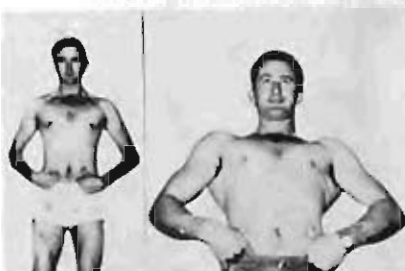
My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER Now!



PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$9.98**  
KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

## 3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds. AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

### GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven Crash-Weight Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The Formula #7 Plan does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of Crash-Weight Formula #7
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

**FREE** Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98  
(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)



PRICED AT ONLY  
**\$8.00**  
FOR A WEEK'S  
SUPPLY & COURSE

# BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are Your responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

# 4

Joe Weider Creates . . .



## the STRONG ARM METHOD

with these New

### "HELL BENT for LEATHER N' LEAD" BRACELETS—

They Turn Your Arm Power On!

#### ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM?

Snap on these electrifyingly New "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" Strong Arm Bracelets—and instantly your arms will start getting bigger and "oozing" 100% more power—almost without effort! Your body will take on the appearance of ferocious strength . . . striking fear and terror into anyone who would even think of attacking you!

#### NO EXERCISE — NO SWEAT — TO CREATE ARM POWER

There are no special exercises to do. You simply wear these unique weighted bracelets everywhere you go . . . at work or play, and even when relaxing! They instantly begin packing muscle on your arms as you perform the simplest arm movement; raising and lowering your hands, swinging them back and forth as you walk or run, play tennis, golf, etc. They build rugged, ferocious arm power for every sport . . . yes, including Karate!

#### SHE'LL LOVE THE LOOK OF YOUR ARM POWER!

Your manhood and virility will quickly COME ALIVE to women! They'll instantly sense your sex appeal and want to be in your arms.

#### THEY SPELL OUT 'POWER' — & ARE 'MOD'-STYLED

Expertly crafted from genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—these bracelets are the latest in mod fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles. You come alive with muscle and sex appeal—ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

#### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Come on, Tiger—give these Strong Arm "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" bracelets a try for 10 days—entirely at our risk. If you don't turn on the Arm Power fast, you can return them for a full refund. Fair? START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!



ONLY **\$7.95** for one  
Or, Get 2 (1 for each wrist)  
FOR ONLY **\$14.95**

Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

## 5 Slim DOWN & MAKE OUT

with JOE WEIDER'S **SLIM-GARD** THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", SLIM GARD and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" SLIM GARD can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! Here's Proof: In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3 1/4 inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—IN ONLY 2 WEEKS! They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes, SLIM GARD has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise without effort. It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . SLIM GARD's secret is its gentle but firm "hugging" action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the "Slimmer's Routine" work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

## FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!



THE SLIM GARD (Made to Last for Years) with The Slimmer's Routine

**\$11.95**

Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

## USE THIS SHAPE UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



### JOE WEIDER

25 Maple Street  
Norwood, N.J. 07648  
Dept. 209-82P6

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or money order for: \$

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

- 1 ☐ "007" TWISTER, Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine . . . only **\$9.98**
- 2 ☐ KILLER KARATE KRUSHER & Free "Killer Karate" course . . . only **\$9.98**
- 3 ☐ CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):  
☐ 7-Day Supply . . . only **\$ 8.00**  
☐ 14-Day Supply . . . only **\$14.98**  
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla
- 4 ☐ "HELL BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD BRACELETS"  
One Bracelet only **\$ 7.95**  
Get Two For only **\$14.95**
- 5 ☐ SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" . . . only **\$11.95**  
Check waist size: ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)

# Wrestler

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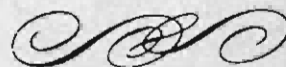
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HEY!

Mr. Universe  
Frank  
Richard  
says...

'I NEED 250  
SKINNY  
GUYS!'

muscles in only 35 days!

TENSILE CONTRACTION®  
Medically approved by doctors,  
hospitals and clinics  
throughout the U.S.

'I can't describe how much  
this course has done for me.  
All I can say is thank you.'

—Willy Frank, R.R. #3,  
Vernon, B.C.

'I was very impressed on  
how my weight increased  
so rapidly and how my arms  
and thighs expanded.'

—Colin O'hara,  
2203 Southwest Rd.,  
La Porte, Indiana

'Your course is fantastic. My  
arms are thickening and get-  
ting harder after every ses-  
sion.'

—Robert Tremblay,  
Wawa, Ontario

'Your course has not only  
made me look, but feel  
100% better. Thanks.'

—Ted Catling, Box 223,  
Shellbrook, Sask.

FRANK RICHARD

WANTED

Yes, I need 250 skinny guys RIGHT NOW to test my fantastic New Body Building Secret — TENSILE CONTRACTION® by mail. All I need from you is a few short minutes a day of your time (in the privacy of your home) following my secret method — BUT, I ONLY WANT YOU IF YOU ARE UNDERWEIGHT, WEAK OR FLABBY. If you have a trim, masculine, well built, sexy body at this moment, then please, DO NOT SEND for TENSILE CONTRACTION®.

I want these new secrets to go ONLY to those guys WHO NEED SENSATIONAL PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT... Instantly! In short, the more out of shape you are RIGHT NOW the better I like it. Whether you are tall or short, young or not so young, here's your chance to take me up on this unique offer today — NOW by testing this super muscle building method...

NO APPARATUS TO BUY. There is absolutely no apparatus or exercise contraptions to buy. I supply all that is necessary. The complete course involves only a few minutes a day for just 35 days. You will notice DEFINITE RESULTS in only 14 days! Nor do you have to complete the whole course. If after only a few days you feel you have 'muscle-up' enough then simply quit the course. You are under NO obligation whatsoever! HERE'S WHAT TENSILE CONTRACTION® DID FOR ME...

I added 2 full inches of solid muscle to my arms, 4 inches of my chest, broadened my shoulders fantastically and transformed my whole physical appearance in just five short weeks... and I want to prove it can be done by anyone who wants impressive rippling muscles that burst with vitality, fitness and lifetime strength! TENSILE CONTRACTION® reveals the amazing shortcut to a weightlifters physique without weights... without barbells... and without exhausting exercise. Results are guaranteed many times faster. So far, I have tested TENSILE CONTRACTION® on 200 high school students and 150 laborers. THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN

LITTLE SHORT OF MIRACULOUS. Thin, skinny pupils have gained 10-20, even 30 lbs. of sexy, rippling muscle, while those flabby and overweight have quickly lost every last ounce of flab from their waists, hips and entire bodies. Instantly!

Yes, I'm asking you to witness a muscle building miracle ON YOUR OWN BODY. Turn on with fabulous TENSILE CONTRACTION® and slap solid muscle on your arms, chest, shoulders and legs. FAST! Change your weakness into devastating, fearless strength and turn unwanted flab into trim "Mr. Universe" muscle. You have nothing to lose but your skinny body... Send TODAY FOR THIS UNIQUE OFFER JUST 25¢ COIN.

THE BODYBUILDING CENTER Dept. 11820  
P.O. Box 146 Brampton, Ont., Canada

Dear Frank  
I enclose 25¢ coin. Count me in on your "Mr. Universe in 35 days" Musclebuilding Secret. I understand that I am under no obligation and that I may quit TENSILE CONTRACTION® at any time without having to return the course

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print clearly)



# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- 1-PEDRO MORALES
- 2-BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3-THE SPOILER
- 4-CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 5-GEORGE "ANIMAL" STEELE
- 6-VICTOR RIVERA
- 7-SONNY "SHOWBOAT" KING
- 8-THE GREAT FUJI
- 9-FRED CURRY
- 10-JIM VALIANT

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-VERNE GAGNE
- 2-IVAN KOLOFF
- 3-BARON VON RASCHKE
- 4-SAILOR ART THOMAS
- 5-THE BRUISER
- 6-CHIEF WAHOO McDANIEL
- 7-THE CRUSHER
- 8-DUSTY RHODES
- 9-COWBOY BILL WATTS
- 10-WILBUR SNYDER

## MIDGETS

- 1-LITTLE BEAVER
- 2-SKY LOW LOW
- 3-LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 4-FARMER JEROME
- 5-BILLY THE KID
- 6-PEE WEE ADAMS
- 7-FRENCHY LAMONT
- 8-JOEY RUSSELL
- 9-SONNY BOY HAYES
- 10-LITTLE BRUTUS



PEDRO MORALES



DORY FUNK JR.

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-DORY FUNK JR.
- 2-JACK BRISCO
- 3-BOBO BRAZIL
- 4-THE SHEIK
- 5-JOHN TOLOS
- 6-PAUL JONES
- 7-PAUL DEMARCO
- 8-JOHNNY VALENTINE
- 9-BUDDY COLT
- 10-WALDO VON ERIC

## TAG TEAMS

- 1-THE KANGAROOS
- 2-BEN JUSTICE & THE STOMPER
- 3-SONNY KING & CHIEF STRONGBOW
- 4-THE BLACKJACKS
- 5-DUSTY RHODES & LARRY HENNIG
- 6-KENJI SHIBUYA & KILLER KOWALSKI
- 7-THE VON BRAUNERS
- 8-BIG BABA & SAKAGUCHI
- 9-BRUTE BERNARD & THE MISSOURI MAULER
- 10-BOB ROOP & BORIS MALENKO

## WOMEN

- 1-FABULOUS MOOLAH
- 2-VIVIAN VACHON
- 3-VICKI WILLIAMS
- 4-ANN CASEY
- 5-TONI ROSE
- 6-JOYCE BECKER
- 7-MARIE LAVERNE
- 8-DEBBIE JOHNSON
- 9-NATASHA
- 10-TAMI JONES



VERNE GAGNE



FABULOUS MOOLAH

# BE A



**ORVILLE PIERCE**  
(LaPuente, Calif.)  
"While in training I earned \$200 and I now have a mobile unit which I operate in my spare time . . . enjoyed the course and think it was the best instruction one can get in this field."



**W. M. RAGSDALE**  
(Conyers, Ga.) "I think the Locksmithing Institute is doing a fine job training people for the locksmithing trade. I now do all the lock repair for the County High School, with a pleasing increase in salary."



**HORACE H. ALBRIGHT**  
(Brookhaven, Miss.)  
". . . average about \$4.00 per hour. I think the whole course was the greatest, the best instructor and when I retire . . . am going to do locksmith work full time. Thank you."

# LOCKSMITH

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Add to **YOUR INCOME**—even double it with easy spare-time earnings. Cash in on the nationwide shortage that demands hundreds more trained locksmiths. Quickly step into a big pay opportunity, full- or part-time job or start a high-profit shop of your own! Even earn as you learn.

## EARN EXTRA MONEY RIGHT AWAY!

You can quickly qualify as a skilled locksmith. Age, education, even minor physical handicaps don't matter in this ever-growing trade. So easy to learn—it's easy, it's fun, it's just like a fascinating new hobby!

Study at home as little as one hour a week. All special professional tools, supplies, including files, calipers, tweezers, cylinders, door handles, assemblies, gauges, pins, springs, extractors, picks, wrenches, and different kinds of locks and keys—even key machine—supplied to you! Gain practical experience

by doing real jobs on car locks, house locks, padlocks, safe locks, etc. Just follow well-illustrated lessons under the guidance of experts.

For a future as your own boss or in a high-pay job, get all the facts, complete details. Write today for **FREE Illustrated Book, FREE Sample Lesson Pages** give exciting facts. (No cost, no obligation, and no salesman will call.)

Our School, (Established 1948) is licensed by the State of N.J. and an Accredited Member of the National Home Study Council. Also approved for Veterans Training, under the new G.I. bill.



## LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE

Div. Technical Home Study Schools  
Dept. 1250-082 Little Falls, N.J. 07424

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PLUS  
**306**



pieces of equipment  
**LOCKS, PICKS & TOOLS**  
supplied for use with course



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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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# HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

**J**UST AS THIS issue was going to press, we received the most spectacular news to hit the wrestling scene in years.

**WOMEN CAN NOW WRESTLE IN NEW YORK STATE!!!**

That's right. The State Athletic Commission has lifted its 40-year-old ban.

The news comes right after the August issue of *THE WRESTLER* detailed, in an exclusive story by Vickie Williams and Debbie Johnson, how the girls were getting together to battle New York. And in this issue there's a story on their reaction to their spectacular victory over their toughest opponent—New York State! Also in this story two girls tell why they are not yet ready to celebrate the victory. Those gals—the White Venus and Black Orchid—are still barred from New York because masked wrestlers still cannot ply their trade in the Empire (Ha!) State. Because of that law New York fans can't get to see the likes of such greats as Mil Mascaras, The Destroyer, The Bolos, The Assassins, El Sicodelico and other masked men... and women! However, there is a motion pending at the Athletic Commission's office that may result in the mask ban being lifted. Let's all support it with letters.

Jack Brisco's hit a very bad streak. During May and June he lost his Florida State title to Paul Jones as well as his Eastern States crown to Rip Hawk.

"Jones used an illegal low karate chop," Jack explained. "Whenever you're hit low and the referee doesn't see it in time to disqualify your opponent—as was the case here—you're in no shape to continue the match."

Rip Hawk, who's a good friend of Jones, was seen with him in a restaurant just a few hours before Hawk's match against Brisco.

Chances are a strategy session was in progress because Hawk beat Jack the same way—with a karate chop below the belt which the referee didn't see!

Good news for wrestling fans. "Fearless" Freddie Blassie is back! He surprised everyone by announcing that his leg, broken by Killer Kowalski, has healed and that he IS NOT going to retire as everyone speculated.



*Freddie Blassie has scotched rumors about his retirement. "I'm too young," Freddie said.*

"Why retire?" Freddie asked. "You're as young as you feel and with the rest I've had I feel as if I'm 25 years old again. I'm raring to go." And where's he going? Right after Kowalski! Freddie's first match in his comeback is against Killer. Good luck, Fred. You'll need it!

Rene Goulet is still angry at Tarzan Tyler. "He won't stop running away from me," the Frenchman complained during a recent TV interview. "When we were

both in Florida Tyler told everyone he could beat me without working up a sweat. So what happened? I told him I'd wrestle him to prove him wrong. Two days later he was in New York.

"So I followed him. There he'd wrestle me only in tag bouts and whenever I got into the ring he'd tag off to make sure he was out. Now he's gone to Montreal and as soon as I fill some midwest dates I contracted for I'll be hot on his trail again. He can't keep running forever!"

"Goulet's full of bull!" Tyler exclaimed when informed of Rene's charges. "I just happened to have a lot of contractual agreements elsewhere whenever Goulet challenged me. In fact, I think he knew just to make me look bad. That ritory so he could challenge me when he knew I couldn't accept ust to make me look bad. That way he could give fans the impression I had chickened out. Goulet is just a wise guy, that's all. Now I'm here in Montreal waiting for him. What the hell's he doing in Minnesota? He's scared of me. And I don't blame him!"

Blond Buddy Colt would like to get his former manager, Billy Spears, back in his corner again. "I let Spears go a few months ago because I thought I'd be better off without a manager," Buddy admitted. "Man! Was I wrong! I need Billy for moral support. None of the stupid fans give me any. They just don't know class when they see it."

Spears, on the other hand, isn't sure he'd like to rejoin Buddy. "I'd never been dismissed before and I didn't like it one bit," Billy stated bluntly. "It'll take a helluva deal to make me go back."

Meanwhile, without Spears, Colt lost his Georgia State title to popular Puerto Rican star Ro-

*(Continued on page 54)*



# WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

**MR. OLYMPIA**

**MR. UNIVERSE**

**MR. UNIVERSE**



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# REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

## UPSTATE NEW YORK REPORT

By Mark Lerner

**E**VERYONE IS STILL buzzing about the most exciting upset ever seen in this area. National Wrestling Federation champion Waldo Von Erich lost his title to Ernie "Cat" Ladd at the Utica Memorial Auditorium and Ernie hadn't even been scheduled to wrestle the German terror until 10 minutes before match time!

Von Erich was supposed to grapple Bruno Sammartino. A disgusted Bruno called promoter Pedro Martinez before the bout and told him, "My airplane has been delayed. I can't get there in time for the match." Ladd, who was to meet the winner of the Von Erich-Sammartino bout a few weeks later, convinced the promoter to let him sub for Bruno.

"If Von Erich will agree, it's okay," Martinez informed Ladd.

"Ladd is a much easier match than Sammartino," Von Erich told Pedro. "I'll take the match and also put the title on the line. That's how sure I am I can beat that overgrown midget!"

Von Erich entered the ring first amid the boos of the fans. Then, surprisingly, cheers filled the arena as Ladd climbed over the ropes and into the squared circle.

The referee went over the rules with both of them and the match was to begin at the sound of the bell. But Von Erich didn't wait for the bell. He attacked Ernie as the Cat walked back to his corner and then he threw the ex-football player over the top rope and onto the ring apron!

Von Erich kneedropped Ernie continuously and let up only for a second—when the referee threatened to disqualify him unless he got off Ladd so he could signal the timekeeper to ring the bell and let the match get underway—officially.

"Gong!"

Von Erich continued his brutal attack, trying to keep Ernie in the corner. But the sly Ladd caught Von Erich off guard and moved out of range of one of the German's kneedrops—causing Waldo to come crashing down on his knee! In the next few minutes it was all Ladd! The end came when Ernie gave Waldo a head-cracking skull crusher and then rolled him over with a reverse cradle hold and

*Pedro Morales (right) has been after Lou Albano for a long time and he finally got his chance. Despite Albano's claims—Pedro turned Lou into a bloody mess in three minutes, two seconds. Below: Ernie Ladd is the new holder of the N.W.F. title.*



pinned him!

"My foot was draped on the ropes! Von Erich, now the former champion, complained. But his complaining did no good. Ladd had already left the ring with the N.W.F. belt!

John and Don Fargo defended their N.W.F. tag team championship against Dom Denucci and Luis Martinez. Only by double-teaming and using a rope to choke the life out of their opponents did the Fargos retain their belts.

Victor Rivera wrestled to a draw with "Crazy" Luke Graham. Abdullah the Butcher flattened Bobby Marshall. Manny Soto stopped Bobby Hall. Lil' Abner was too much for Manuel Lopez.

## PHILADELPHIA ACTION

By Louis Goldman

The man both fans and wrestlers hate the most is manager Lou Albano. Included in the list of wrestlers is W.W.W.F. champ Pedro Morales. Pedro has said many times, "Get that maniac in the ring with me and I'll make sure he bleeds to death!"

Well, Pedro got his chance at a recent show in the Philadelphia Arena. As a matter of fact it was a steel cage match!

"I was the one who demanded a steel cage match," Albano bragged before the bout. "That way that Mexican jumping bean won't be able to run away from me when he's in trouble. The W.W.W.F. belt will be mine in just a few minutes!"

Poor Lou Albano. He had high hopes. He didn't win Pedro's title. As a matter of fact, Pedro made Albano a bloody mess. The champ was hoping the cocky manager would bleed to death but first aid was administered and the bleeding was stopped. However, Albano did set a new world record. He was beaten in three minutes and two seconds! It was the shortest cage match ever recorded. We wonder if that fact will make Lou feel better.

Chief Jay Strongbow needed eight minutes to stop Professor Toru Tanaka in an Indian Strap Match. Sonny King teamed with rookie sensation Joe Nova to top the Black Demon and "Handsome" Jim Valiant. Tomas Marin downed "Popeye" Richards. Juan Caruso stomped Enrique DePaula. Nikita Mulukovich grappled to a draw with Tony Kontilles.

*(Continued on page 65)*



# An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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keratolytic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

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But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors  
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."  
—L. M. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."  
—D. M. M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."  
—D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."  
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."  
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."  
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."  
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."  
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."  
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."  
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."  
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"  
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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# LETTERS

## MAD—AT MAD DOG!

Mad Dog Vachon has stolen the Grand Prix Wrestling title from Edouard Carpentier! That's right—stolen! He took the belt by continually fouling the Frenchman and the stupid officials didn't even disqualify him. I think they're on Mad Dog's side. They should have their heads examined because anybody who saw the match knows Ed is still the champ. Mad Dog sure as hell isn't!

NEIL HYMAN  
Montreal, Canada

## THEY'VE FOUND THE PRO

In the July *INSIDE WRESTLING*, on page 57, you ask if anybody knows the whereabouts of The Professional. Well, he's come to Florida and we really hate him as much as the fans did in the Gulf Coast area. We hope some wrestler with enough guts will challenge him to a "loser leave town" match. That way we can get rid of him and he'll never come back—we hope!

RICHARD HARRISON  
Dania, Florida

## JUST A BAD NIGHT...

The July issue of *THE WRESTLER* was one of the best ever. One article which I took particular interest in was how Bruno Sammartino lost his title to Ivan Koloff. Both Lou Albano and The Big K take credit for Ivan's win. Well, it just so happened that neither one of them had anything to do with it. Bruno was at a low stage of his fabulous career while Koloff was at his peak. If you look back at Bruno's record you'll see he's beaten Koloff several times. I think Bruno is a legend in his own time.

LAWRENCE TIMINSKI  
Fairlawn, New Jersey

## BLASTS THE EAST!

I am sick and tired of hearing about the chumps on the east coast. You guys keep feeding us stories about meatheads like Jim Valiant. If he came to Los Angeles he'd be just another preliminary wrestler. Another thing—that champion—ha! Pedro Morales stunk when he was here. I don't



*Reader John Smythe has a great idea—animal ratings! Who do you think rate in that top 10?*

even remember him winning a match. The only thing he could be champion of is fleas! Just to prove how superior our men are: Fred Blassie goes east and is unbeatable. When he came back to L.A. his leg was busted in his first match. None of those sissys up east could have done it. Only he-men, as we have here, could do it. If Morales comes here with his belt you can bet your bottom dollar he won't leave wearing it. The only thing he'll be wearing is a few thousand stitches and bandages.

ERIC COLBY  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## GAGNE'S LUMPS

In a recent "Your Letters" column, Mr. Mendon Gilbert of Broadhead, Wisconsin, praised Verne Gagne. Let me tell you

something Mr. Gilbert. Verne Gagne couldn't defeat a defenseless old lady! You don't see Pedro Morales ducking anyone, do you? Well Gagne is avoiding bouts with Billy Robinson and Ivan Koloff just to name a few. Gagne is a sissy, a chicken and a disgrace to the A.W.A. title!

BEN GONZALES  
San Antonio, Texas

## OFFICIAL ANIMAL RATINGS

There should be a new rating feature introduced—"Animal Ratings." They should include The Sheik, King Curtis, George Steele, Pampero Firpo and the likes of them. These animals should not be allowed in the ring or on the loose outside of an arena. All they want to do is cripple and maim their opponents. That's not what wrestling is all about. Lock 'em up in a cage and let them tear each other apart. They'd do everyone a great service!

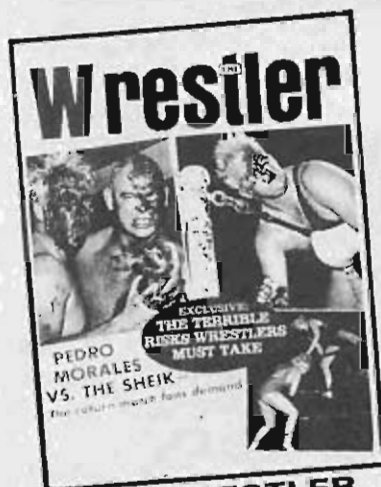
JOHN SMYTHE  
Holbrook, Mass.

## STILL TWO STOMPERS

In the June issue of *INSIDE WRESTLING* you suggested that the two wrestlers with the name "The Stomper," wrestle and the loser would have to drop the name. You thought that this would be the first match with this rule. Well, you're wrong! In 1962 there were two wrestlers who used the name "Crusher." They both insisted they were the only Crusher so the promoter signed them to meet in a "loser loses his name" match. One did lose and the other became well known—Crusher Lisowski. So, getting back to the Stomper situation. A match between them must be made.

GEORGE SCHILLING JR.  
St. Paul, Minn.

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# YOU ASKED US

Okay fans. You asked for it and here it is. Each month either **INSIDE WRESTLING** or **THE WRESTLER** will publish *your* column—"YOU ASKED US." Just jot down a question and the wrestler you'd like us to ask it to and send it to: You Asked Us, **THE WRESTLER**, P.O. Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Questions will be answered only in this column.

**Q:** Will Bruno Sammartino ever wrestle Pedro Morales for the World Wide Wrestling Federation Championship?—Mark Hamilton, Philadelphia, Pa.

**A:** "No," Bruno stated. "I was tied up with that title for eight years and I'm not interested in trying to regain it. All I want to do now is enjoy my wonderful family and wrestle **at the most** once a month. As I've said before—losing the title was the greatest thing that ever happened to me."

**Q:** "What ever became of Mil Mascaras' brother El Sicodelico? I haven't heard anything about him recently—Rafael Querra, Los Angeles, Calif.



The sensational El Sicodelico is wrestling in Japan and may decide to live there permanently.

**A:** The sensational masked grappler is currently dazzling Japanese wrestling fans and says, "I like the country so much I'm considering buying a home and living here six or seven months out of the year."

**Q:** Does The Sheik speak English?—Marcia Rodd, Toronto, Canada.

**A:** "The Sheik speaks several languages," bragged his man-



American Wrestling Association champion Verne Gagne rates Ivan Koloff as his toughest opponent.

ager, Abdullah Farouk. "My Sheik is a most intelligent man but he converses only with people on his level. So far he has only found one and that is I!"

**Q:** Whom does Verne Gagne consider the biggest threat to his American Wrestling Association title?—Hank Greb,



The Destroyer insists he wears a mask to protect him from all his female fans. Hmmmmmmmmmm!

Minneapolis, Minn.

**A:** "Ivan Koloff," Gagne said without having to think. "Koloff's had me in trouble several times and if it wasn't for my knowledge of getting out of complicated holds—which Koloff is a master at applying—he'd be the champ today."

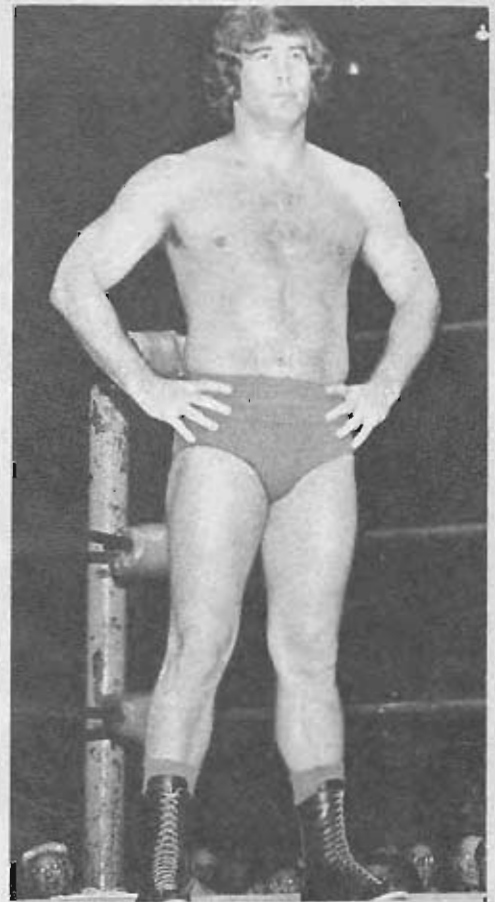
**Q:** How do women wrestlers feel about men-women mixed matches?—Larry Walker, Augusta, Ga.

**A:** Vivian Vachon has said, "I'm used to it because when I was growing up I always wrestled with my brothers Mad Dog and Butcher. I don't think I'd welcome wrestling any other men except my brothers. You can get into





Jean Ferre (left), the 7-4 French giant, has to have his furniture specially designed for him. He even takes his bed with him on out-of-town trips. Right: Jack Brisco is the man who Dory Funk Jr. considers his most difficult opponent. "If I ever lose my title I hope it's to someone like Brisco," Dory said.



too many embarrassing situations in those matches. I'm sure you know what I mean."

Q: Why does The Destroyer wear a mask?—Kirk Maller, Columbus, Ohio.

A: "Because I want to protect myself from females," the Destroyer told us. "If I didn't wear it they'd all be running up to the ring trying to kiss me. I guess I was just blessed with good looks and a fabulous computer brain."

Q: Why did Ernie Ladd quit football and turn to wrestling as his full time career?—Nancy Vera, Buffalo, N.Y.

A: "I was too rough for football!" Ladd exclaimed. "I kept injuring all the superstars, or so-called superstars, so let's say I was asked to quit. Now that I'm wrestling for a living I'm afraid I'm going to be asked to leave this sport as well. I'm wipin' out all the superstars here too! I'm just too good man, just too good."

Q: Where does a giant like John Ferre sleep?—Mike Godin, Montreal, Que.

A: Anyplace he wants! That's the usual answer. John has special furniture designed for



Although Bruiser's been a star in wrestling for years, he did once play professional football.

him and has to take his bed with him whenever he goes on tour. He's much too big for a conventional hotel bed. Q: What does Dory Funk Jr. really think of Jack Brisco?—Mur-

iel Anderson, Charlotte, N.C.

A: In a recent interview Dory Jr. said, "I can't discredit Brisco. He's a well-conditioned wrestler and you've got to be on your best guard anytime you wrestle the man. If I have to lose my title to someone it should be to a guy like Brisco. But I intend to hold on to this championship for a long, long time, believe me."

Q: My friend says Bruiser once played professional football and I say he didn't. Who's right?—Jerry Miles, Bloomington, Ind.

A: Your friend is correct. Bruiser did play professionally for five years before becoming a professional wrestler. He was with Green Bay.

Q: Who is the youngest professional wrestler?—Janet Dodd, Nashville, Tenn.

A: Robert Rougeau, 17-year-old son of Jacques Rougeau, is the youngest professional wrestler we know about. He wrestles mostly on weekends in eastern Canada and maintains a full high school schedule.



# BACK ISSUES OF THE WRESTLER



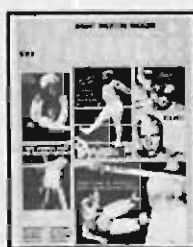
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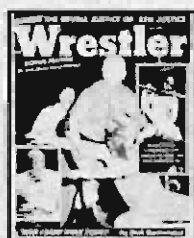
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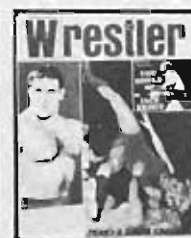
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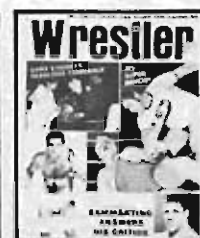
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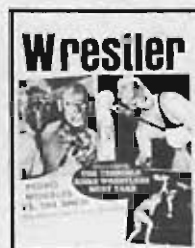
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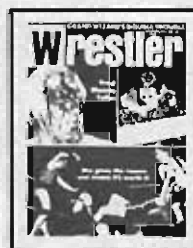
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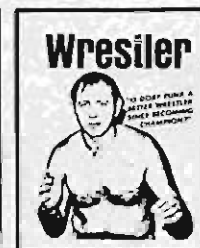
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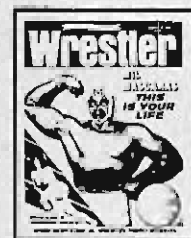
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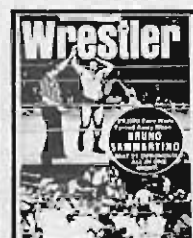
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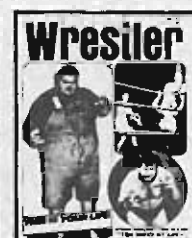
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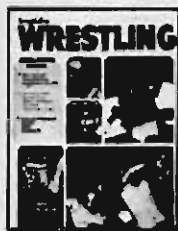
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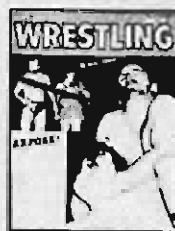
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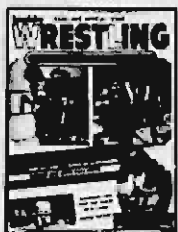
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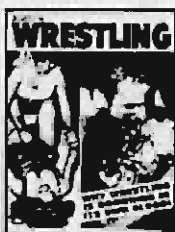
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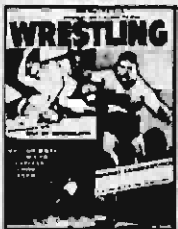
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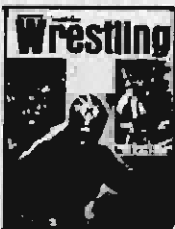
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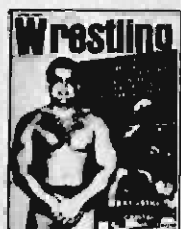
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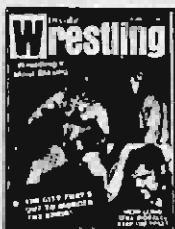
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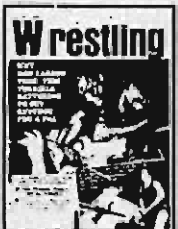
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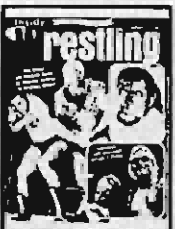
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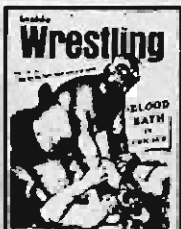
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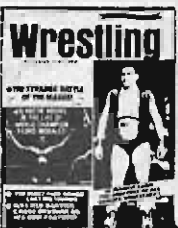
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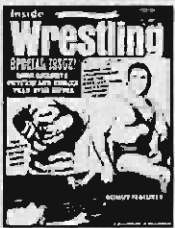
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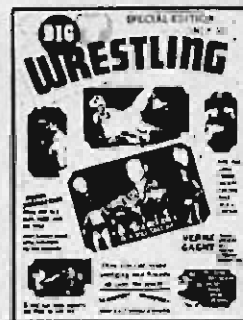


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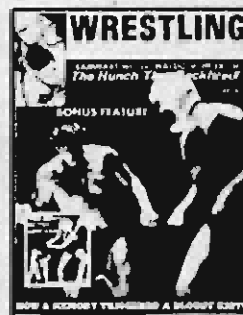
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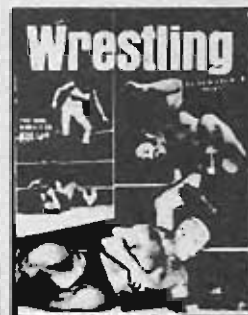
1968 BIG BOOK



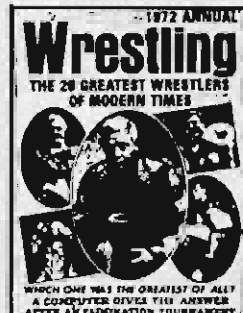
1969 BIG BOOK



1970 ANNUAL



1971 WINTER



1972 ANNUAL #1



1972 ANNUAL #2



1972 YEARBOOK #1

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# The Strange

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# BOBBY

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# BLOODY

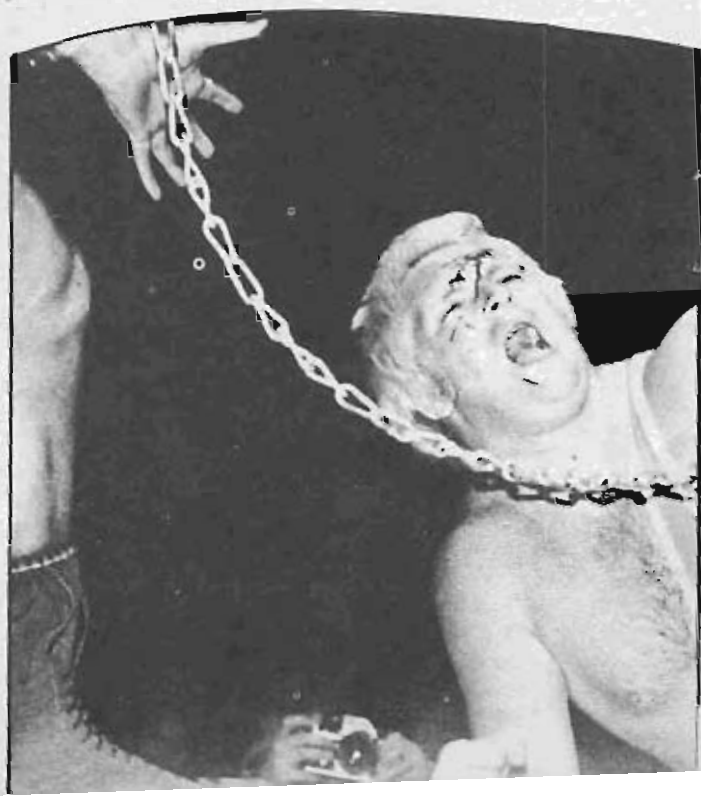
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**D**ICK THE BRUISER is not the kind of man other wrestlers dream about. Usually. But there is one wrestler who dreams about Bruiser day in, day out, whether sleeping or awake.

That wrestler is "Pretty Boy" Bobby Heenan, manager of the world tag team champion Blackjacks. Bruiser has become an obsession with Bobby. He's Heenan's own personal nightmare. And Bobby has paid for this nightmare with his own blood.

Nobody really knows how Heenan's obsession with Bruiser began. Like

*Bobby Heenan (left) is a gory mess after he tangled with Billy Red Cloud and Bruiser the same night! Below: Bobby cries out in pain during his Indian Chain Match with Red Cloud.*



# Story Behind...

# HEENAN'S OBSESSION!

By GARY J. KAMENSACK

the prospector who still dreams of that one big gold strike after coming up empty for years and years. Heenan relentlessly pursues his dream. And no amount of scars, blood or beatings seems able to deter him. Bruiser has torn Heenan apart in Chicago, Indianapolis, Winnipeg, St. Louis and a dozen other cities. Yet Heenan stalks his man and continues to try to get the better of him despite the fact it has proven useless so far.

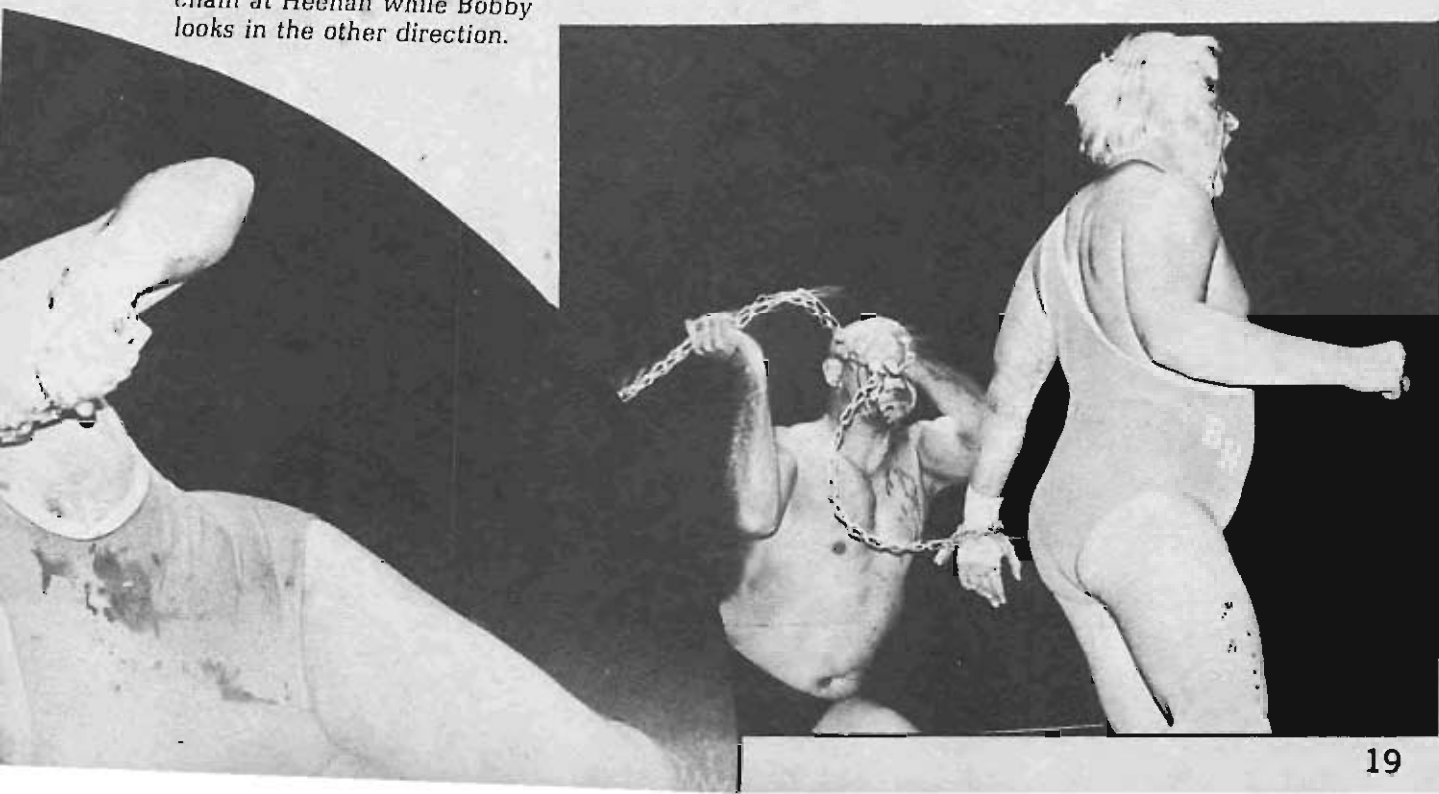
"It's a miracle he has any blood left in him," Bruiser joked. "You'd think when a man is beaten—and I mean beaten—so badly and so often, he'd give up. Not Heenan. He's crazy. He wants to get me so bad he'll go through anything. It's all fine

***"There are few  
things I enjoy  
as much as  
the sight of  
Bobby Heenan  
drowning in  
his own blood!"***

**—Bruiser**



*Billy Red Cloud swings the chain at Heenan while Bobby looks in the other direction.*



with me. There are few things I enjoy as much as the sight of Bobby Heenan drowning in his own blood!"

It's no secret to promoters that Heenan always tries to appear on the same card as Bruiser. He has barged into Bruiser's dressing room. He has confronted him in hotels and restaurants. He'll do anything he can to interfere with Bruiser's day-to-day existence.

A perfect example of how other wrestlers use this to their advantage occurred in Detroit. It all started when Heenan's champions, Blackjack Mulligan and Blackjack Lanza, put their title on the line in Olympia Stadium against Sailor Art Thomas and Billy Red Cloud. As usual, Heenan was doing everything he could to insure the verdict would be favorable to his men. At one point during the third fall Heenan grabbed Red Cloud's foot and tripped him as Billy was bouncing off the ropes. This gave Lanza the opening he needed to pin the stunned Indian.

Wild with rage, Red Cloud tried to go after Heenan, but Bobby was safely back in the dressing room by then. The Indian then challenged Heenan to an "Indian Chain Match." But the clever manager, of course, wanted no part of that. However, Red Cloud had another ace up his sleeve. He'd tempt Bobby with some-

thing Heenan couldn't resist—Bruiser.

Red Cloud got in touch with Bruiser and explained the situation. "If you agree to wrestle Mulligan or Lanza on the same card there's no way Heenan will be able to resist," Red Cloud explained. Bruiser knew he was right. He agreed to battle Mulligan—only if Heenan accepted

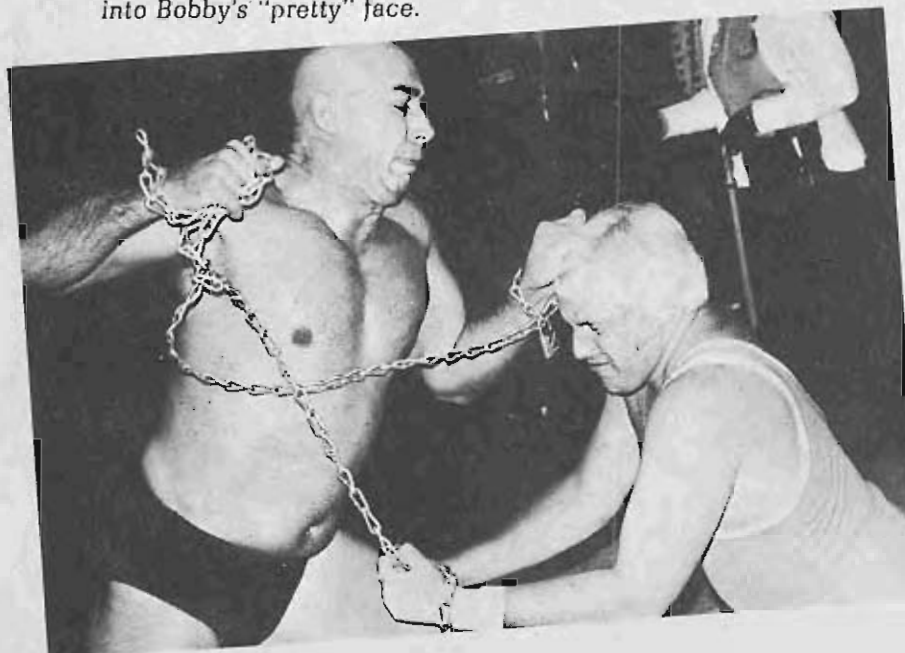
the match against Red Cloud.

As much as Bobby didn't want to wrestle Red Cloud—especially in an "Indian Chain Match"—the lure of Bruiser's being there proved too strong. Heenan accepted the match. Once again Detroit would get the opportunity to watch Bobby Heenan bleed for his obsession.

Plainly frightened, Heenan walked down the aisle in front of 8,000 jeering people. Billy Red Cloud, chain in hand, was already waiting in the ring. Alongside Bobby, seemingly for physical as well as moral support, was Mulligan. But Blackjack was not allowed to remain in Bobby's corner and was sent back to the dressing room. Heenan was left all alone—and scared.

When it came time to chain the pair wrist to wrist, Heenan tried to back out. "This is a regular match!" he screamed to the referee. But the combined efforts of the referee, promoter Lou Marudas and Red Cloud himself, resulted in Bobby's being shackled despite his reluctance. Heenan was panic-stricken by now and foolishly tried to run out of the ring. But he forgot he was chained and Red Cloud yanked him back before he could get through the ropes. Then the Indian ran around

*In full tribal dress (right) Billy Red Cloud brings chain into the ring. Below: Billy is about to smash the chain into Bobby's "pretty" face.*



*Covered with blood from his match with Red Cloud, Bobby is nevertheless in his man's corner for the Mulligan vs. Bruiser match which followed.*



and around Heenan, winding the chain around him until there was no more slack left. Billy then pulled with all his might and Bobby went spinning out like a top.

It was time for Heenan to make the best out of a bad situation. There was no place to run. So Bobby did what he does best. He attacked Red Cloud with the chain, smashing it into the Indian's face.

At the sight of his own blood Red Cloud went berserk. He went after Heenan with a vicious attack, whipping "Pretty Boy" several times across the back with the chain, then wrapped it around his fist and went to work on Bobby's face. In no time at all Heenan was a gory, bloody, sickening mess. The rest of the match was a one-man massacre. Red Cloud kept clobbering Heenan with the chain and even wrapped it around his throat, mouth and eyes. Weak from loss of blood, Heenan was unable to go on. He conceded defeat and slowly walked back to the dressing room. He was absolutely covered with blood.

But Heenan did not go through this torture to remain in his dressing room while Mulligan did battle with Bobby's number one hate—Bruiser. So 10 minutes later the fans were

stunned when Blackjack walked down the aisle to face Bruiser. There, at his side, still in his blood-soaked trunks, was Heenan. He was covered with dried blood and only a bandage on his forehead indicated he'd received any kind of first aid. He looked as if he'd just walked into an airplane propeller!

Despite his appearance and condition, he was there to guide his man's match against the hated Bruiser. He didn't interfere as Mulligan took the opening fall with a Cobra Twist and he even remained silent when Bruiser evened the match with an Atomic Drop. But during the third fall, with Bruiser having the edge, Bobby Heenan's obsession got the better of

him again.

Bobby sneaked into the ring, but he was seen by the referee and Mulligan was immediately disqualified for outside interference. However, Heenan and Mulligan didn't stop there. Mulligan clamped a Full Nelson on Bruiser and yelled to Heenan to dropkick him. You guessed it. As Heenan was about to plow feet-first into Bruiser, the blond managed to drop out of the hold and Bobby dropkicked his own man instead!

With Mulligan temporarily disabled, Bruiser had a clear field with Heenan. Bobby scrambled out of the ring and onto the floor. Bruiser followed. Keeping his eyes on his tormentor, Heenan slowly walked backwards, hoping to make it to the safety of the dressing room.

He didn't.

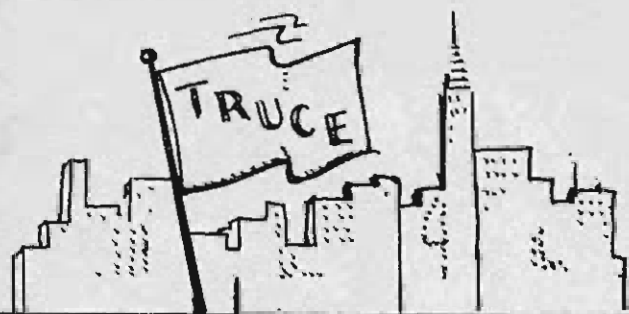
Bobby tripped over a chair and that was all the time Bruiser needed to catch him. Bruiser ripped the bandage off Heenan's head as the manager stayed on his knees begging for mercy. He got none.

Heenan was lifted by his hair and  
(Continued on page 52)



Hands surround Bruiser (left) as he chokes Blackjack Mulligan. Above: Both Mulligan and the referee try to restrain Bruiser as he tries to get at Heenan. Right: Bobby cringes in horror as Bruiser breaks loose and is about to move in on him.





# NEW YORK GIVES UP!

**BUT THE  
GIRLS  
AREN'T  
THROUGH  
YET!**

**W**E WON!!! Those two words, shouted with all the happiness and joy the human voice could muster, signalled the death knell of a law that nobody except a few die-hards wanted to keep on the books. For on June 5, 1972, the New York State Athletic Commission dropped



Vickie Williams (above) smiles as she discusses the triumph. Below: Debbie Johnson tells how the girls worked together to force the landmark verdict.



## For years women wrestlers were barred from New York. At long last the barrier has fallen. But for some it's too late. And for others it's not enough

its ban on women wrestlers appearing in the State of New York!

The girl who shouted those two words, pretty Debbie Johnson, was beside herself with joy. It had been only a month since Betty told us of the plan the Women Wrestlers' Association had come up with to crack

the New York barrier. Neither she nor any of the other girls expected success so quickly. But in reality, success was a long time in coming.

"The only sad thing about the passage of the law is that there are gals who struggled for years to change this law and will never derive the

benefits because they've retired. Girls like June Byers and Mildred Burke—champions—who never got the chance to wrestle in New York. But for those of us still active this is the greatest—simply the greatest."

To overcome the obstacles, the gals had to convince not only the State Athletic Commission but the New York State legislature as well. It seems there was actually a law on the books barring the girls from appearing in New York. And despite a crowded schedule calling for legislative decisions on such important matters as abortion repeal and budget allocations, the legislature managed to find time to overturn the old ruling—by a near unanimous majority!

But there was still the Commission to deal with—a Commission which is barely in the 19th century—let alone the 20th—when it comes to following innovations in wrestling. The chairman had said there will "never" be women wrestling in New York if he had anything to do with it. He'd termed it a "disgusting spectacle." But so much pressure was put on the Commission by the fans, the press, and the girls themselves, it was

*Continued*

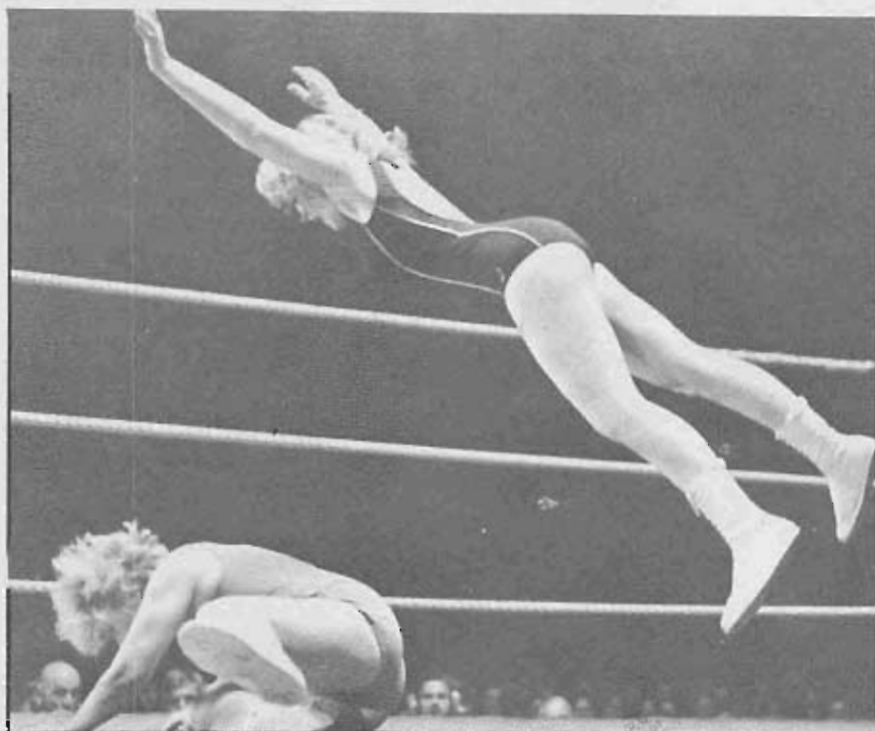


World women's tag team champions Toni Rose and Fabulous Moolah (left) are two women who've fought for the rights of female mat stars for a long time. Above: New Yorkers, many of whom haven't seen one, will now get the chance to see women's tag team bouts like this one. Right: Betty Niccoli looks ecstatic about the decision and she has a right to be. Betty initiated a lawsuit against New York State.





**THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE  
EXCITING ACTION NEW YORK FANS WILL BE SEEING**



Vivian (Supergirl) Vachon flies through the atmosphere (above) with her arms outstretched. Her proposed target is Jean Antone. Below: Sandy Parker tries to kick her way out of Vickie Williams' scissors.

Vivian Vachon (left) kicks Marie Laverne in the head as they battle outside of the ring.



Vickie Williams dumps Sandy Parker over her head in a Los Angeles match. Hopefully, for New York fans, Vickie and Sandy will be appearing there.



forced to relent! Of course masks, mixed matches, caged matches, brass knuckles matches, strap matches, death matches, battle royals and other innovations are still taboo in New York, but perhaps the change in attitude toward the girls signals the dawning of a new and enlightened era in the Empire State.

"Not only is this a victory for the wrestlers," explained Debbie, "it's a victory for the fans as well because it was the fans as much as anyone else who forced the change. The higher-ups simply could no longer ignore the letters and petitions the fans sent. And letters were received from all over the country. This is one time the will of the people was simply too strong to ignore."

Not all the girls were aware of the decision since it had not been expected so soon. One wrestler vitally interested was Betty Niccoli. And Betty burst into tears of joy when she was told about it. For years she'd battled almost singlehanded to get the law changed. She even wound up in a court fight only to lose the decision.

"This makes it all worthwhile," said Betty, sobbing with joy over the phone. "When I lost the court decision I was stunned. Some of the girls told me that old cliche about losing the battle but winning the war. I didn't believe it. But it looks like we did win the war. And now I still don't believe it."

For some girls, like world champion Fabulous Moolah, the decision to allow women into New York culminates a long period of hard work in getting the rule changed. Moolah was one of the driving forces behind getting women's wrestling accepted in the Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec and she's been in the forefront of the battle for about as long as she's been in the ring. It's one of the biggest victories of her spectacular career.

Vivian Vachon is another girl elated with the decision. She explained why it was so important for the girls to get into New York.

"There are enough states around in which we're allowed to work so



Two of wrestling's sexiest gals, Ann Casey (left) and Vivian Vachon (below), may soon come to New York to celebrate their new-found freedom to wrestle there. "When you make it in New York you've really made it," Vivian said enthusiastically.



Beautiful Marie LaVerne (left) said "I may never choose to go to New York but at least I can go there now if I want to."

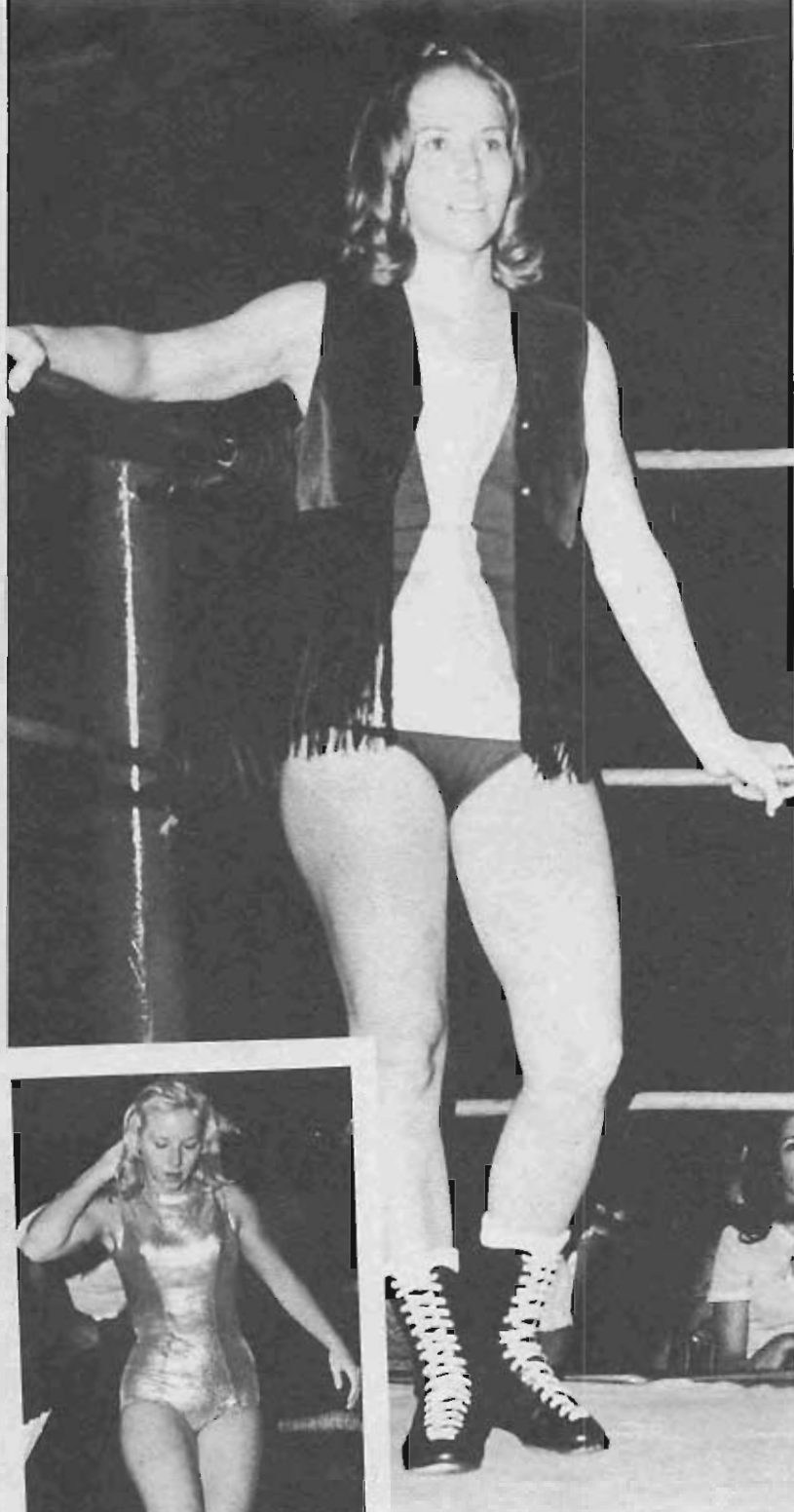
that not having New York didn't really affect us," she explained. "It was more symbolic than anything else. New York is still the big apple. It's the communications center of the world. When you make it in New York you really know you've made it. Now that New York's okayed us we'll be allowed everywhere. New York is a leader in most things. It's the place people watch. I think the presence of women wrestlers in Madison Square Garden will be a symbol for the whole world. It signals the

end of prejudice against us."

Marie LaVerne, who wrestles mostly in Texas, said the decision affects girls throughout the United States. "I may choose never to come to New York," Marie noted, "but now I know that if I want to I can. That's important."

Vickie Williams, who worked closely with tag team partner Debbie Johnson in the battle to get the ruling changed, indicated that this success is not the last stop. "Now that we've

(Continued on page 64)



Joyce Becker (above) as she looked while wrestling under the name of Barbara Nichols. Left: The same girl a few years ago as Joyce Grable—known as "The Golden Goddess."

**S**HE WAS CALLED "The Golden Goddess" and a more fitting name couldn't have been found. At 5-3, 135 pounds, her 36-24-36 figure and beautiful blonde hair made her the idol and pinup gal of wrestling fans everywhere. A former acrobat, her flying moves befuddled her opponents and left her fans breathless. The former Ozark, Alabama, model was the sexiest thing to hit women's wrestling in years!

Her name, she said, was Joyce Grable. She took that name in honor of another Ozark, Alabama, girl who reached spectacular heights in this sport—the legendary Judy Grable.

Everywhere she went greatness was predicted for her. Because not only was she beautiful—she had the dynamic style and wrestling ability to be a superstar! After all, in her very first match, she upset the great Betty Boucher! Surely this would be the gal who'd finally knock the Fabulous Moolah off the world champion's throne.

But things started happening to Joyce. She got heavily involved in the movement to allow girl wrestling in areas in which it was outlawed, like Ontario and New York. She even won some of those battles. Partly because of Joyce and Moolah and Betty Boucher, to name only a few, girls are now allowed to wrestle in Toronto and other Ontario cities. But many people said the time spent advancing the cause of her profession was time lost from her training. Joyce won most of her matches and was still magic at the box office. But the word was she couldn't win the big ones.

# THE END OF THE TERRIBLE "CURSE OF THE



She became close friends with Betty Boucher and Betty helped the youngster just as she had been helped when she first broke in. But Joyce and Betty got into a fight over something so trivial neither could remember what it was. Not only had Joyce lost a valued friend—she now had a deadly enemy!

They called it the "Curse of the Golden Goddess." Every time she got close to the top something happened to prevent her from getting there. And that something was usually self-inflicted!

Then, suddenly, just like her namesake, Joyce Grable dropped out of sight. Some said the pressure had gotten to her. Others said she returned to modeling. Still others said she'd made too many enemies and other wrestlers were out to get the

beautiful blonde. At any rate, she was never heard from again.

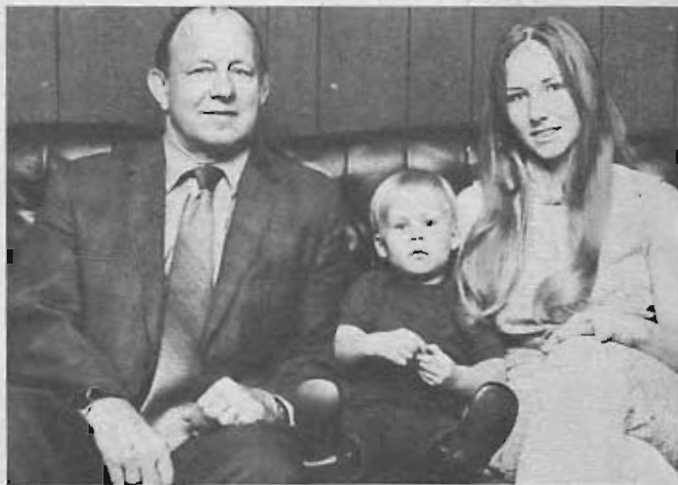
About a year later, a beautiful blonde spitfire named Barbara Nichols was seen wrestling around the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee. She had that same sexy figure as Joyce Grable. She had the same golden hair and the same acrobatic moves. If she wasn't Joyce Grable

she was her twin!

"Yes, I'm Joyce Grable," she said when questioned by a reporter for THE WRESTLER. "At least I was Joyce Grable. Not any more. Now I'm Barbara Nichols." And when she was asked about the reason for the change—she replied "no comment" and walked away.

"I don't know why I always seem to

*This is how Joyce looks today as she poses with husband George Becker and son Craig Allen, two years old. She is still as pretty as ever—although she's no longer "The Golden Goddess."*



The "Golden Goddess" (left) prepares to whip Betty Boucher into the ropes. Men loved Joyce and her face and figure made her a big drawing card. Below: Joyce smiles for the camera but she admits she was never really happy being "The Golden Goddess"



**Joyce Grable is gone. With her went the "Curse of the Golden Goddess." And nobody's happier about that than a pretty wrestler who's finding happiness as Mrs. George Becker**



# GOLDEN GODDESS"



Joyce's trademark, her long golden hair, flies through the air as she battles two long-time nemeses—Belle Starr (above and right) and Tami Jones (top, right).

get myself into trouble," Joyce Grable once told this reporter. "If I knew that I might be champion right now. I always say I'm going to change but when the opportunity comes up I miff it. I guess I'm looking for something and haven't found it yet because I really don't know what I'm looking for."

Had she found it as Barbara Nichols? Evidently not. A change in name and area was not the answer. Barbara Nichols had been no more successful than Joyce Grable. The curse was still hanging heavy over the head of the "Golden Goddess."

The Grable-Nichols situation was all but forgotten when we received a long distance phone call from a correspondent in Charlotte, North Caro-



lina, not too long ago.

"Hey, We have a girl down here that's a double for that Joyce Grable gal who was so hot back in '67 and '68," the correspondent said. It was assumed he was speaking of Barbara Nichols.

"Barbara Nichols heck," he replied. "I don't know who Barbara Nichols is. I'm talking about Joyce Becker. She's dynamite. She's married to George Becker—you know—the great wrestler!"

An explanation was indeed in order.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, Joyce Becker was on the card against bone-breaking wildcat Tami Jones. Was she, as the correspondent had said, *really* Joyce Grable? As soon as she walked down the aisle it was obvious the answer was "yes."

She started off wrestling clean, as Joyce Grable had done, but when Tami Jones began breaking the rules Joyce waded right in and broke a



Joyce (left) slugs Tami Jones as they carry their feud outside the ring. Joyce still has the same sensational moves she did when she gained fame as Joyce Grable. Right: Hair flying, Joyce bends Tami over the ring apron. Joyce often teams with husband George in mixed husband-wife tag team matches.



Joyce bends Tami's leg backwards as she applies a step-over toehold. "I never really wanted to be the 'Golden Goddess,'" Joyce said. "I was trying to be someone I wasn't. I found I couldn't really be happy until I was really myself."

few herself. She seemed to be wrestling with a reckless kind of style, without a care in the world. There was no hesitation. When Tami kicked her in the stomach—Joyce kicked Tami right back! And when she leveled Tami with a pair of sensational dropkicks—there was no doubt at all that this was indeed the girl who'd gained such fame and adoration as Joyce Grable. Perhaps now the mystery would be solved.

"I can't talk to you now," Joyce

told us after the match, "but if you'll drop out to the house tomorrow George and I will be glad to see you. Ask him for the address and directions."

It was good seeing George again, especially since he and Joyce seemed so happy. "And that's the difference," Joyce told us while holding two-year-old Craig Allen in her arms.

"They used to talk about the 'Curse of the Golden Goddess,'" she recalled. "Well they weren't wrong.

The reason I was so unhappy and used to get myself in trouble all the time was that I never really wanted to be the 'Golden Goddess.' I was trying to follow in Judy Grable's footsteps... trying to be someone I wasn't. What I was searching for all that time was happiness. And I couldn't be happy unless I was really myself.

"I thought I'd be able to change that by becoming Barbara Nichols.

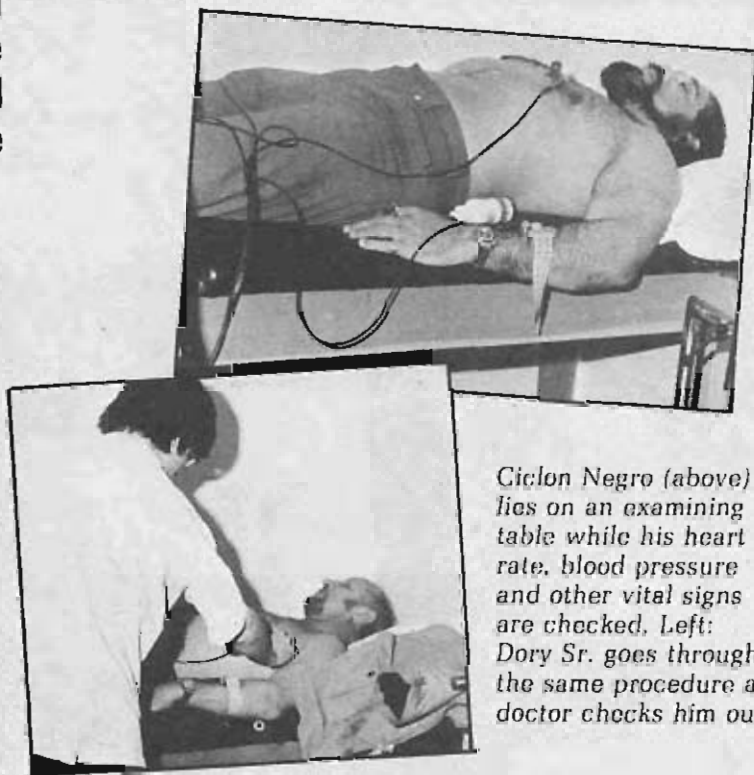
(Continued on page 60)



# BLOODBATH

They battled for one hour and 44 minutes in a match that was brutal and bloody even by Texas standards. And even though Dory Funk Sr. won the \$7,700 purse, he admitted that "I never want to go through anything like that again!"

## 27 FALLS...



Ciclon Negro (above) lies on an examining table while his heart rate, blood pressure and other vital signs are checked. Left: Dory Sr. goes through the same procedure as doctor checks him out.

*Ciclon Negro, bleeding from his head, staggers around the ring after losing one of the 27 falls in his mammoth struggle against Dory Funk Sr.—"King of the Texas Death Match." Ciclon and Dory went at it for an hour and 44 minutes and both men required oxygen during the wild bout.*

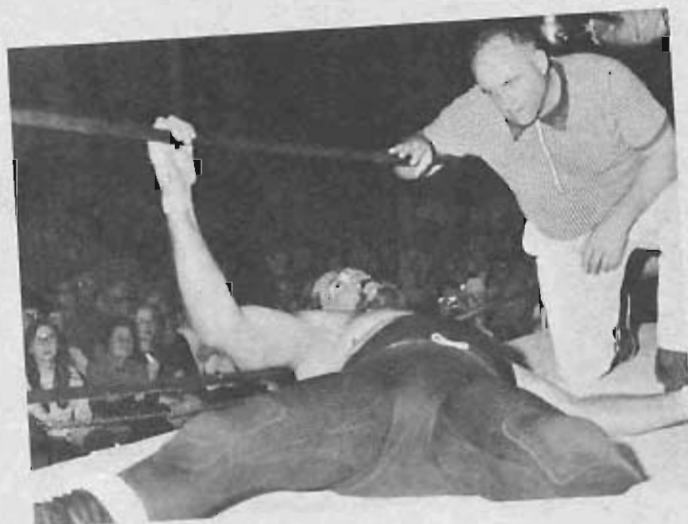
**T**HE SHOWDOWN had been building for months. Everybody within driving distance of Amarillo, Texas, knew that sooner or later it had to happen. But nobody ever dreamed it would be anything like what it turned out to be.

Dory Funk Sr. had worn his title of "King of the Texas Death Match" proudly. He had defeated countless challengers who thought they could take the title from him. But this time he was meeting a man who everyone knew would not stop—at anything—until the title was out of Funk's possession. That man is Ciclon Negro.

"I hate Dory Funk," Negro would say whenever the subject was brought up. "I hate all the Funks but I hate him the most. Never in my life have I despised anyone as much. And I shall not rest until I have wiped him out. Completely. Totally."

# OF THE YEAR!!!

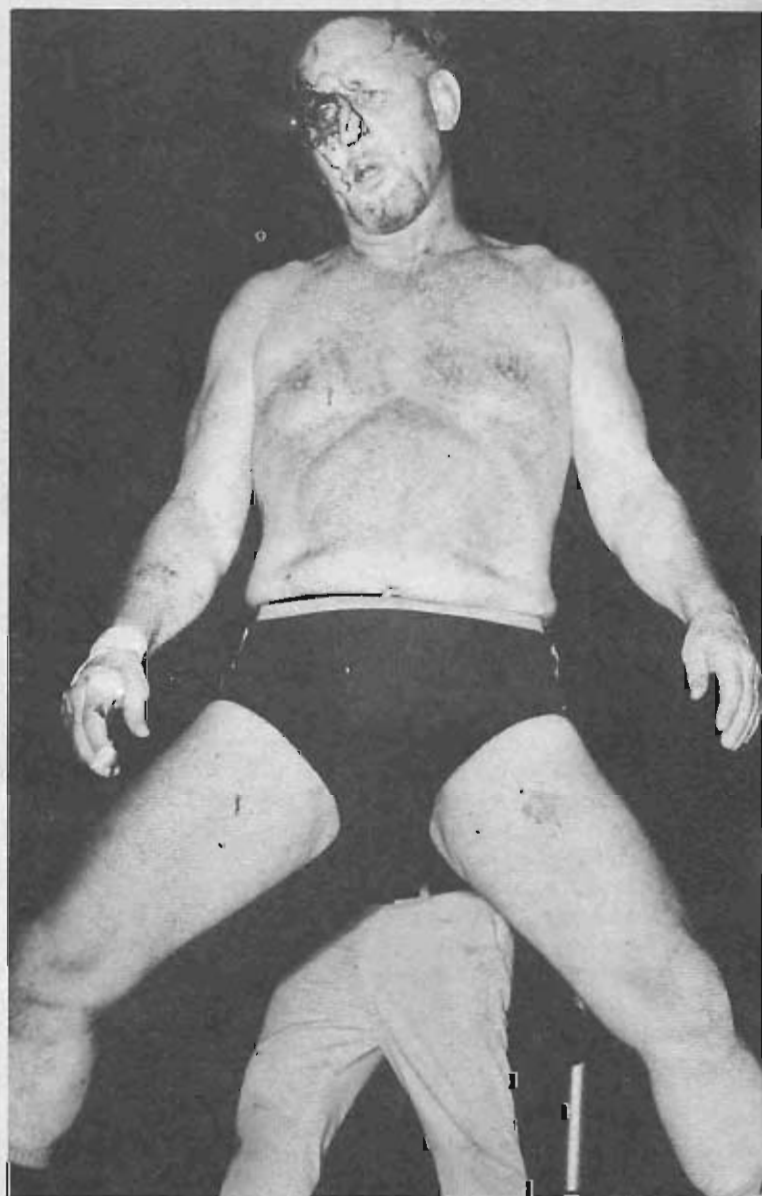
## ONE HOUR AND 44 MINUTES OF GORY TERROR!

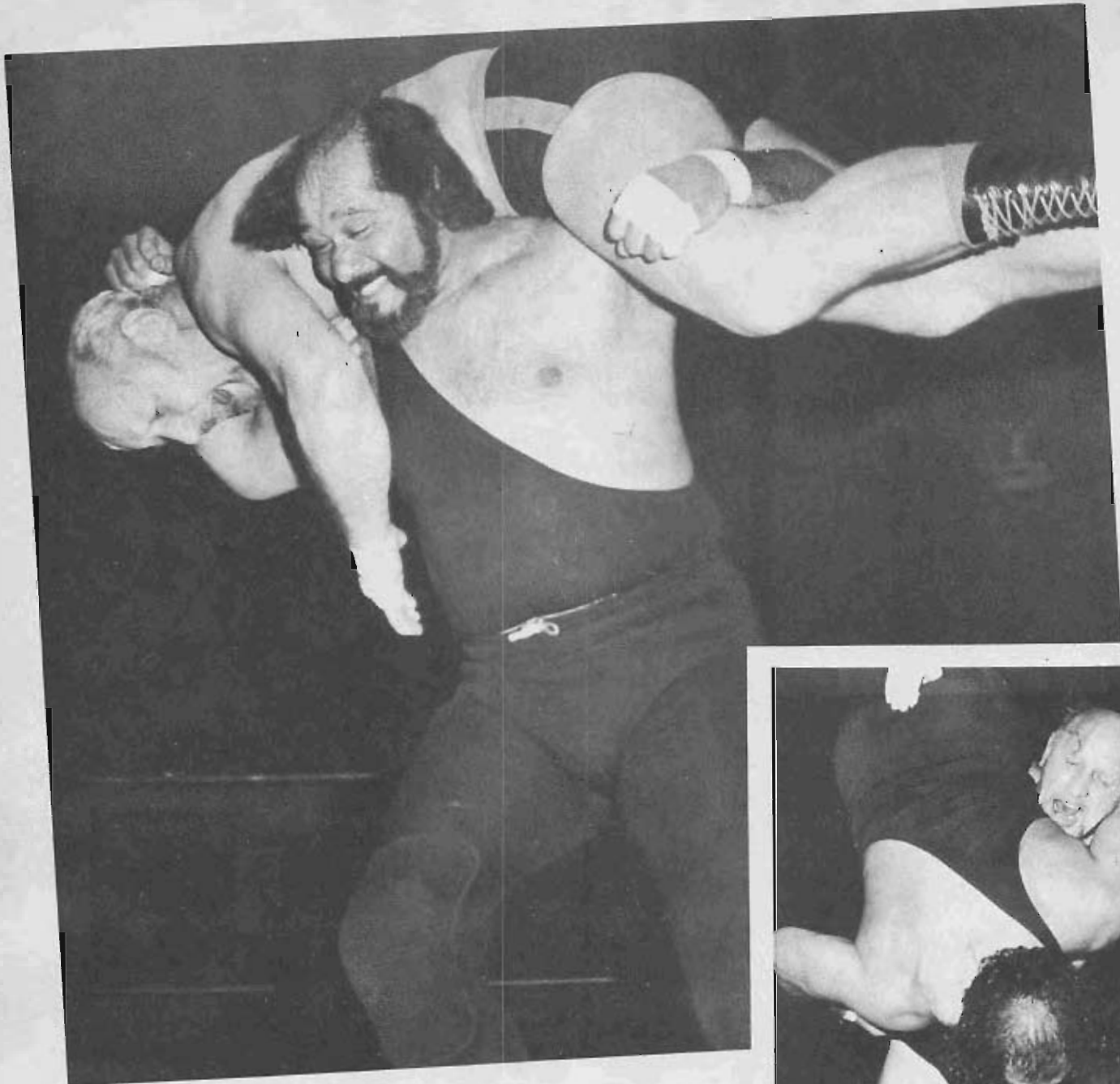


Negro, in building his challenge for Funk's title, had methodically destroyed wrestler after wrestler—including Funk's own son Terry. The viciousness he displayed—even for Texas Death Matches—had been unmatched. But he insisted he was saving his best for Funk.

"Funk has kept his title this long because there was always a time limit bailing him out," Negro pointed out. "This time I've been promised by the promoter that under no circumstances will the match come to an

*Negro (top) and Funk (above) lie dazed after each lost a fall. The top photo shows Negro dropping the final fall. Right: Dory's rubbery-legged after an hour.*





end because of curfew or anything else. This match will not end until one of us is unable to continue. And that's not going to be me."

Promoter Jerry Kozak at first refused to sanction this match, but the pressure from both wrestlers and the fans became too great. "I know how these two guys feel about each other," Kozak had said, "and I will not be used as an instrument for anybody's diabolical plan for revenge. These guys are serious. They want to kill each other. I cannot have that on my conscience." But Jerry changed his mind.

"I've spoken to both wrestlers," he said later, "and they've informed me of their intention of carrying this match out with or without my permission. As much as I'm against it,

*Ciclon Negro (above) takes one fall with an airplane spin but Dory (right) gets it back with a body slam outside the ring.*

since they're going to do it anyway and since the fans are demanding it, I've agreed to allow it under certain conditions.

"Both men must undergo a complete physical examination—including an electrocardiogram—and both must be rated in 'perfect' physical condition. If either man is rated as only 'good' the match will not go on.

"In addition, each wrestler shall have a corner man equipped with a complete first aid kit. I've arranged for ambulances to be present in case of emergency. Both men have signed



waivers releasing the arena or anyone connected with it from any responsibility for injury suffered in this match. Both men have agreed to all the above conditions."

For the next few weeks the match was the primary topic of conversation throughout Amarillo. A big crowd surrounded the clinic when





Referee (above) tries to pull Negro away by the hair as Ciclon chokes Dory with a metal chain. Right: Dory's out on his feet!



A bloody Ciclon (above) crawls back through the ropes to get at Funk. Right: Strain of the marathon match shows on the blood-spattered face of Funk.



both wrestlers appeared for their physicals. Fortunately, they were scheduled three hours apart or else the fireworks might have started right there.

Ciclon Negro arrived first, stripped off his shirt and underwent a thorough examination. Blood pressure, heartbeat, circulation, temperature, everything was checked. Nothing was left to chance. Negro passed and was pronounced in excellent condition. A few hours later Funk underwent the same exhausting routine.

He too, was pronounced in excellent health. Both he and Negro would have to be in that condition for what would follow.

"I do not expect an easy match," Funk confided before it began. "I'm quite sure this will be the toughest one in my life. I know Negro. As long as he has one ounce of strength left in him he will not quit. There's gonna be a lot of babysitters working overtime tonight. We may be in there for more than an hour."

An hour is an awfully long time to

give and take physical punishment. Take any street fight you've ever seen. Few ever last even a half hour. And when Dory said he was preparing for an hour-long struggle, little did he know he'd underestimated by 44 minutes!

Negro was even more inaccurate. "This will not last past a half-hour," he predicted. "The man who can stay with me in a Death Match for more than a half-hour has not yet been born. But mark my words. I'll only need a half-hour. And that half-hour will see the end of the wrestling career of this old man!"

Negro began as if he wanted to do away with Dory Sr. in a half-minute instead of a half-hour. Roaring out of his corner he picked him up and bodyslammed him to the mat. A series of three more body slams and an airplane spin and before Dory knew it he had lost the first fall!

Ciclon took the second one as well. Holding a still-woozy Funk by the back of the head, Negro slammed



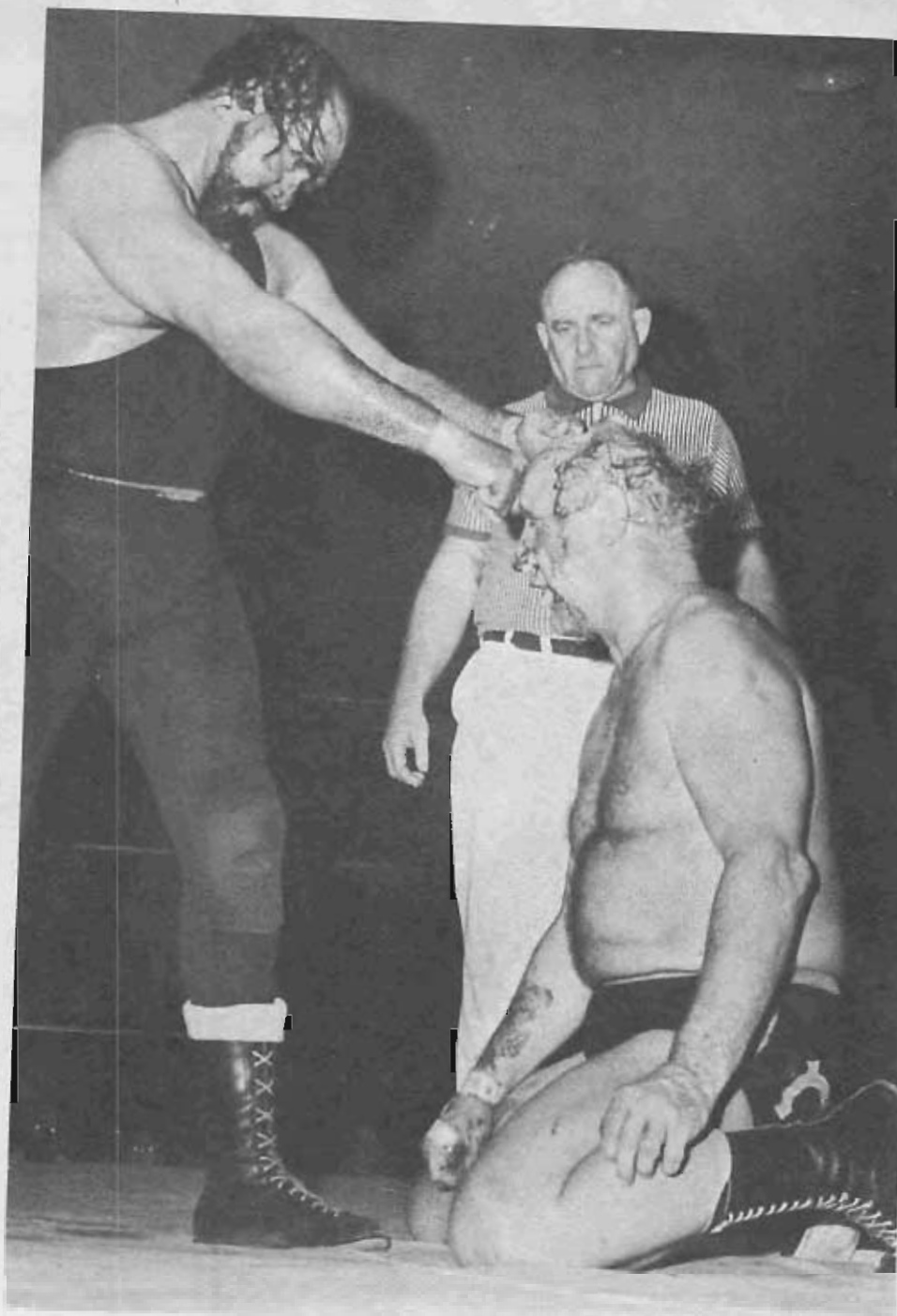
Negro smashes Funk (above) who is too weak to move out of the way. Right: Ciclon takes dead aim before ripping his fist into Dory's forehead. After the first few minutes the match developed into a street brawl.

Dory's face into the ringpost opening a tremendous gash that would bleed throughout the remainder of the match. And to make matters worse, the cut was above the eyes so the blood steadily dripped down into Dory's eyes impairing his vision!

They continued the titanic struggle and it carried out of the ring where a great deal of time was spent. They slugged each other with chairs, fists, pieces of wood and metal, anything they could get their hands on. Soon Negro's face was as bloody as Funk's. The way these two were gushing blood it seemed neither could last a half-hour.

When Dory slammed Negro into the side of the ring nearly breaking his back, he won his first fall, but was behind two falls to one. An ordinary match would have already been over. But this was no ordinary match. As long as either man could continue under his own power it'd go on. And it did.

The fourth fall was even more brutal and bloody than the others. Again



they battled outside the ring. Ciclon tried to strangle Dory with the metal link chain separating the audience from the ring. Both their heads were oozing blood. People in the audience were beginning to get sick. This was more than even Texas fans had bargained for.

"Stop it!" a few women screamed. But they'd seen nothing yet. The match was only 15 minutes old. It would last for another hour and 29 minutes—all of which would grow steadily and increasingly vicious.

As the minutes passed the falls added up. Funk took over the lead at six to five but Negro would later regain it at eight to seven. Neither man

was holding anything back. Negro was trying to fulfill his prediction of getting rid of Funk in a half hour and he launched an all out attack that left the champion sprawled on the floor outside the ring—seemingly unconscious.

Dory was counted out and lost another fall, which didn't really matter since the falls didn't count. But he was in such bad shape it seemed he wouldn't be able to continue. However, Negro and his cornerman, Apache Gringo, began celebrating a bit too soon. Dory was in bad shape and hardly knew where he was. But when the bell rang for the start of the next fall he was back in the ring

Lord Al Hays counts over an exhausted Ciclon Negro as equally-exhausted Dory Sr. pins him with one hand! The two combatants wound up in the hospital after the bout.



Ciclon Negro is unconscious as Apache Gringo (above) stands over him pleading with him to get up. Right: Dory is out cold after Negro mercilessly stomped him outside the ring.



and standing up.

"That was the worst moment in the whole match," he remembered later. "There were a few other times I was out on my feet but so was Negro. I hate to admit it but I was beginning to think I'd lost my title and finally met my match. But I knew I had to go on. As long as I was conscious I wasn't going to give up."

The battering took a lot out of Funk but it had taken its toll on Ciclon as well. He was too tired to capitalize on his opportunity. He attacked Dory again, but without the spark he'd shown previously. Evidently Ciclon had expected to win within a half-hour and now that a

half-hour had passed he was tiring badly. Funk began coming back and soon was battering Negro as ruthlessly as Negro had been battering him. There was no longer any pretense about wrestling anymore. It had become a war... a street fight. Faces were smashed into ringposts and punches were traded. Blood flowed without stopping. Finally, Funk whipped Negro into the turnbuckle and the challenger collapsed in a heap in the corner. Dory ran over to him and pinned him. But as he headed back to his corner for the one minute respite—he collapsed, exhausted. Both men seemed out.

Suddenly, into the ring bounded

Apache Gringo holding a portable oxygen machine. He placed the plastic cup over Negro's face and Ciclon began to revive. Seeing this, Terry Funk, who was serving as his father's cornerman, complained bitterly. But there had been nothing in the rules stating a man's second couldn't give him oxygen between falls. So Terry did the only thing he could. He went after Gringo and ripped the oxygen machine out of his hands. Back in his own corner now, he placed the mask over his father's face and Dory was revived too.

The oxygen gave both men a second wind and with the match more than an hour old they needed it. But





Apache Gringo, cornerman for Negro, administers oxygen as alternate ref Lord Al Hays looks on. Meanwhile, Terry Funk is doing the same thing for his father (below) so he could revive him for the next fall. Neither man was supposed to get oxygen but when Gringo brought it in and used it—Terry stole it from him. The referee then ruled both men could use it.

it didn't last long. The non-stop war was again taking its toll. The punches were less crisp, reflexes had slowed down. The difference would turn out to be conditioning and Dory had the edge there.

Without the oxygen Negro's minutes were numbered. Although both men were exhausted, Dory pressed his edge in conditioning and dished punishment out to Negro the likes of which Ciclon had never before received. Later, the challenger would make a startling confession.

"The last thing I remember in that match was Apache Gringo giving me oxygen. After that I don't remember a thing. I don't even know how it ended."

With an hour and 44 minutes gone by and Funk holding a 14-12 lead in falls, he sent a smashing right smack into Ciclon Negro's jaw. The challenger fell back into the ropes. But instead of bouncing off, he just kind of slithered down, like paint running down a wall, and crumbled in a heap on the canvas. With one last reflex gesture he shot his arms and legs out and wound up flat on his back. His right arm gripped the middle rope and his eyes were wide open. But Ciclon Negro was unconscious!

The referee knelt over him waiting for a minute to pass. Apache Gringo came back into the ring and stood over him beseeching him to get up. It was no use.

"His eyes were open and they were looking right at me but he couldn't see or hear a thing," Gringo said afterwards. "It was like he was in a



coma. He was so exhausted he couldn't even blink!"

The minute passed by and Dory was declared the winner. Dory Sr., helped by Terry, managed to get back to the dressing room. But once there, he, too, collapsed, and had to be taken to the hospital via ambulance like Negro.

"Mr. Dory Funk and Mr. Ciclon Negro are both suffering from extreme exhaustion," the hospital report the following morning stated. "They'll be allowed no visitors for 24 hours and complete bedrest for at least a week is a must."

Terry Funk, after getting his father checked in to the hospital, told us Dory Sr. was incoherent. "He didn't know who I was, who he was or where he was. He was barely conscious."

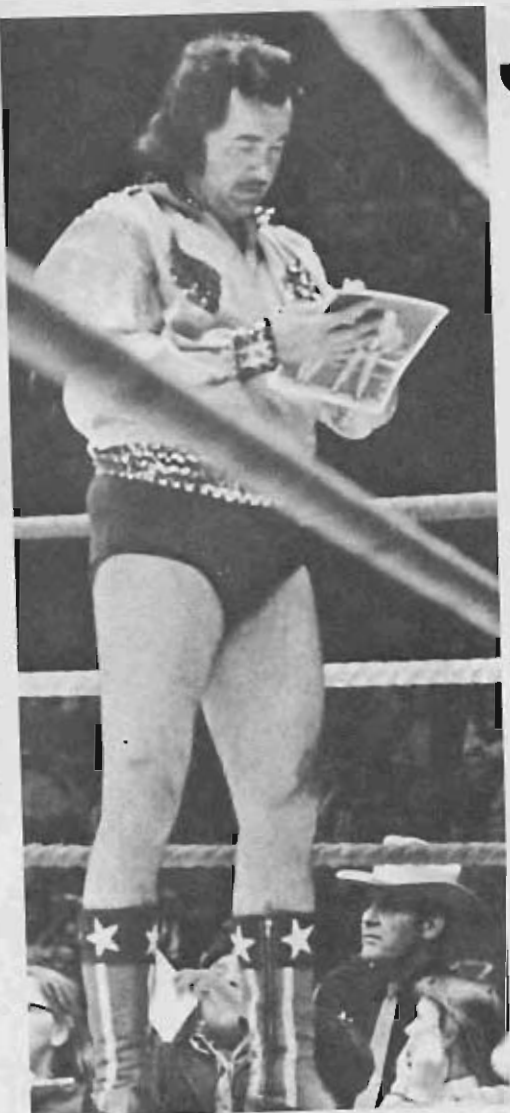
Promoter Jerry Kozak breathed a

deep sigh of relief when he was assured that both men would completely recover. "I'm glad they got this out of their system," he intoned happily, "I never want to go through one of these again. The human body just isn't made to endure such punishment for such an extended period of time."

But after his release from the hospital Ciclon Negro gave every indication that his vendetta against Dory Funk Sr. did not end with the double hospitalization. "I still want his belt," Negro said, "and I'm going to do everything in my power to get another Texas Death Match with him. But this time I'll train for weeks beforehand. The next time we may go for two hours but I'll be ready. I may wind up in the hospital again. But I'll be wearing that old man's belt!" □

Do you believe in magic? Well you might change your mind after reading about...

# JERRY MILLER AND HIS **MAGIC** WRESTLING BOOTS



Jerry Miller (above) wears his magic boots while signing some programs. Right: Chris Markoff complains about the boots at the start of bout with Miller.



**N**ICK BOCKWINKLE HAS his piledriver. Dory Funk Jr. has his spinning toehold. Ivan Koloff has his backbreaker. And Jerry Miller has his magic wrestling boots.

Magic wrestling boots?

That's right. Magic wrestling boots. And strange as it seems something as innocent and simple as a pair of boots may have changed an average wrestler into a champion contender overnight!

Of course nobody *really* believes in something as silly as "magic wrestling boots." But ever since Jerry Miller began wearing his specially-made boots he's become a changed

wrestler. And there are about a dozen other wrestlers who'll testify that there are some strange forces working in Jerry's favor.

"I'm not saying exactly what the boots can or can't do," Jerry explained, "but all I know is that since I began wearing them I've compiled a big winning streak. I haven't changed anything else. I wrestle the same way I always did. The only thing that's changed are my boots. Now you figure it out."

The boots in question were designed by Jerry himself. Resembling those worn by comic book character Captain America, they're red with

white stripes down the sides. The tops are blue with big white stars on them. Except for being more colorful than most wrestling boots they look just about like what wrestling boots should look like. But they obviously aren't the same.

In a match in Omaha, Nebraska, Chris Markoff complained loudly about Jerry's boots before the match even began. And not until he was threatened with a \$500 fine did Markoff agree to go through with the match. And when he lost he blamed it on... naturally... the boots.

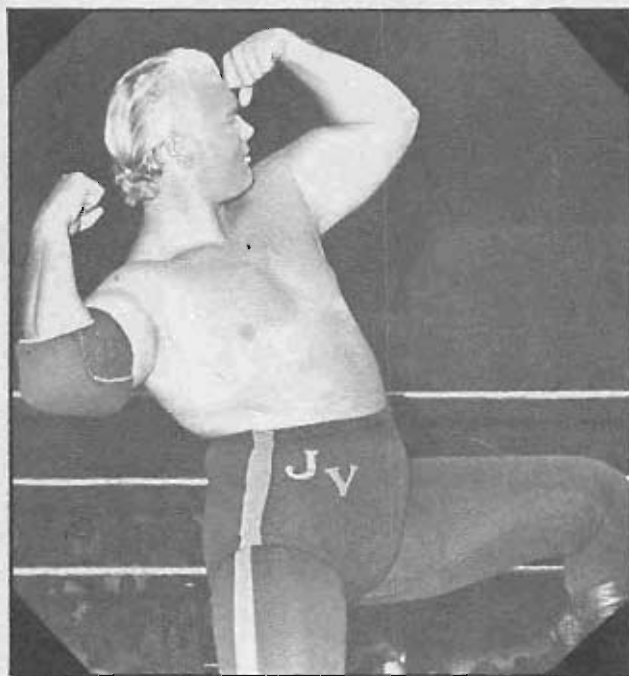
"I didn't want to wrestle him when  
(Continued on page 62)

"I always carry a camera with me so I can take a picture of myself whenever I feel particularly handsome. That happens to me almost every day."

# A PEEK INTO— HANDSOME JIM VALIANT'S OWN PHOTO ALBUM!

By **HANDSOME JIM VALIANT**

Despite his often brutal tactics, few wrestlers have as many fans—especially female fans—as Handsome Jim Valiant. Because of the huge demand we receive for pictures of Valiant, Handsome Jim has kindly consented to let **THE WRESTLER** print these exclusive photographs, many of which come from Jim's private collection.



"Few wrestlers I know photograph as well as I do in profile shots. I like this picture quite a bit since I'm posing in the classical Greek style. This was taken while I posed during a match. Fortunately, I'm good enough to do it."

**I** KNOW. You're probably saying "boy that guy Valiant has a lotta nerve thinking the whole world wants to see pictures of him." Well I don't blame some people for thinking that. Not all people are capable of appreciating beauty. But I know there are many wrestling fans that do appreciate a work of beauty. And I am a work of art.

It would be cruel of me to keep these photos all to myself without sharing them with the rest of the world. And sometimes I feel that's exactly what I should do because of





"Everybody made a big deal out of it when Burt Reynolds posed like this for a women's magazine. Now you tell me. Is there even a comparison (left)? Of course not! And notice my shorter hair. This photo is about three years old. That proves I was being asked to appear in sexy pictures before Reynolds ever thought of it. Below: The way I look today. My hair is longer and straighter but my body is its same magnificent self."



the way some people treat me. I can't understand it. Nobody ever booed the Mona Lisa. Nobody ever booed Rodin's sculpture of "The Thinker." Nobody boos the Sistine Chapel ceiling which Michaelangelo painted. But they boo a human work of art. It just doesn't make sense.

But because I know that those people who boo me are in the minority I chose not to penalize all my fans by keeping these photos to myself. When you own something really spectacular or really beautiful you want to share it with people. That's the reason I've allowed THE WRESTLER to publish my private photo collection.

Like any work of art these pictures should be admired in the proper setting. Therefore, I suggest you view them while sitting on a bench in a



*"Just look at that boyish smile as I pose with my manager, the Grand Wizard, after demolishing some unfortunate opponent!"*



"This is one of my favorite photos because it shows the enormous strength and concentration I put into my wrestling (above). The strain of the match is written all over my face and the photographer captured it perfectly. Right: I didn't know this one was being taken. It caught me off guard. I'm smiling at one of my many fans who has just yelled out how beautiful I am. Compliments... compliments."

pretty park on a beautiful day. I remember when I first began to appreciate how handsome I was. It happened when I passed a mirror which was hanging in an unexpected place. I looked in and saw myself from a totally different angle.

That's why my apartment is furnished the way it is. In mirrors. My

walls are totally covered with mirrors and the ceiling is entirely mirrored. In this manner I can appreciate myself from every conceivable angle. I also make sure my apartment is properly lighted at all times so when I glance in a mirror I can catch every beautiful reflection.

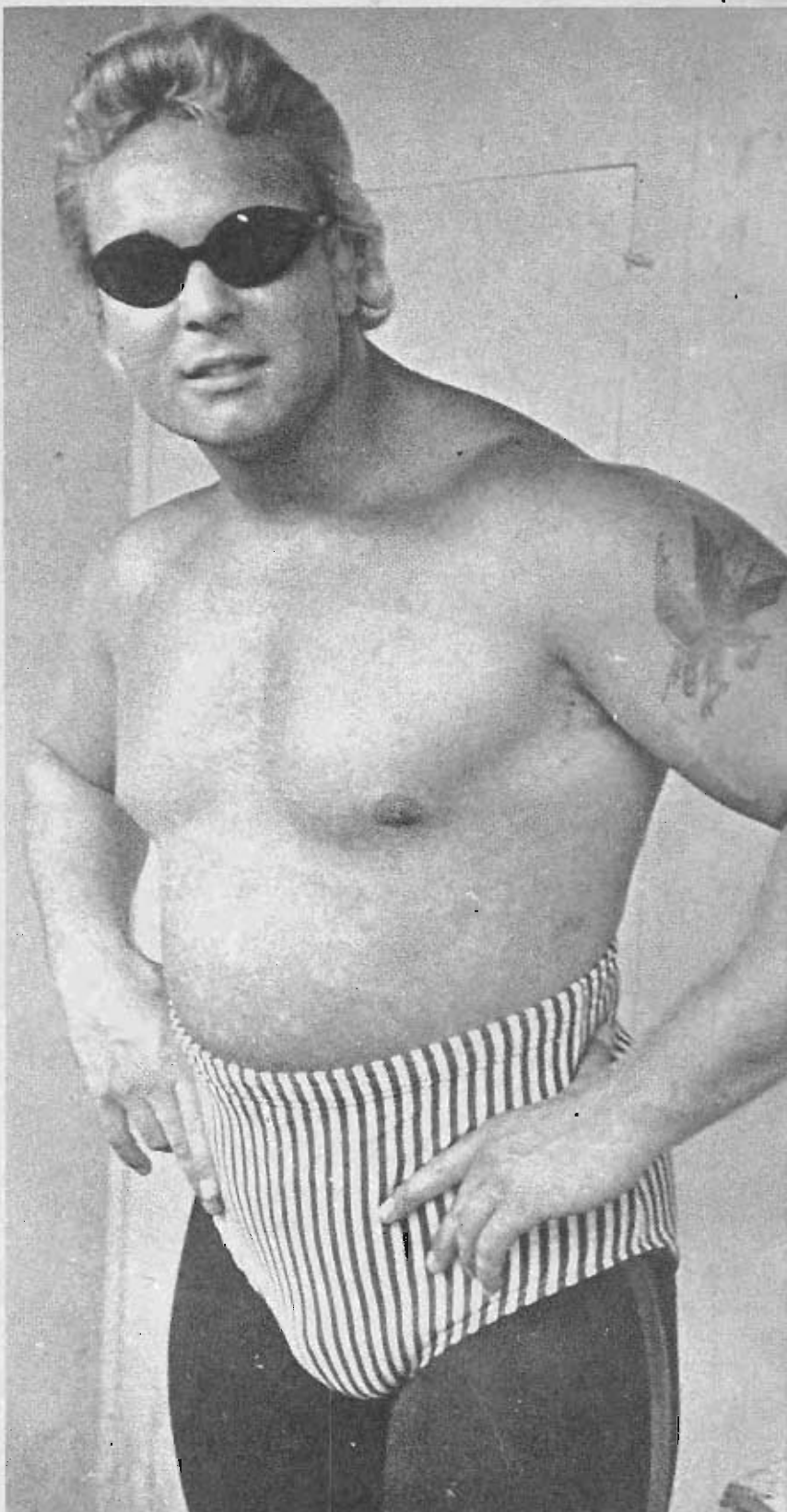
Since there are many of you

who've never been fortunate enough to see me in person I'd like to describe myself. Aside from being handsome, which is obvious from the pictures, I have a beautiful build. I am six-feet, four-inches tall and weigh 245 pounds. When expanded my chest measures 60 inches around and my arms are 21 inches around.

"This is another of those pictures where I was caught off guard (below)—this time by my friend Bill Apter, photographer for *INSIDE WRESTLING* and *THE WRESTLER*, who took many of the pictures in my personal album. Right: That's me going Hollywood. As you know, I'm from California—Hollywood, as a matter of fact—and I usually wear my sunglasses so lovesick women won't claw my face when I'm walking down the street."



"This is my favorite photo! It really belongs in a museum. Look at that face! Look at those muscles! It's just a study in beauty! You might be pleased to know I'm having an oil painting of myself made from this very photo."



My waist measures 35 inches and my legs are just muscles piled on muscles. If there ever was an All-American boy I think you'll agree Handsome Jim Valiant would be him.

Of course there are those of you who'll think I'm bragging. Please don't get the wrong idea. I'm not. It's just that when I tell *facts* about

myself it *seems* as if I'm bragging. I mean how do you tell anybody about a 60-inch chest and a face like a Greek God without it sounding like you're bragging?

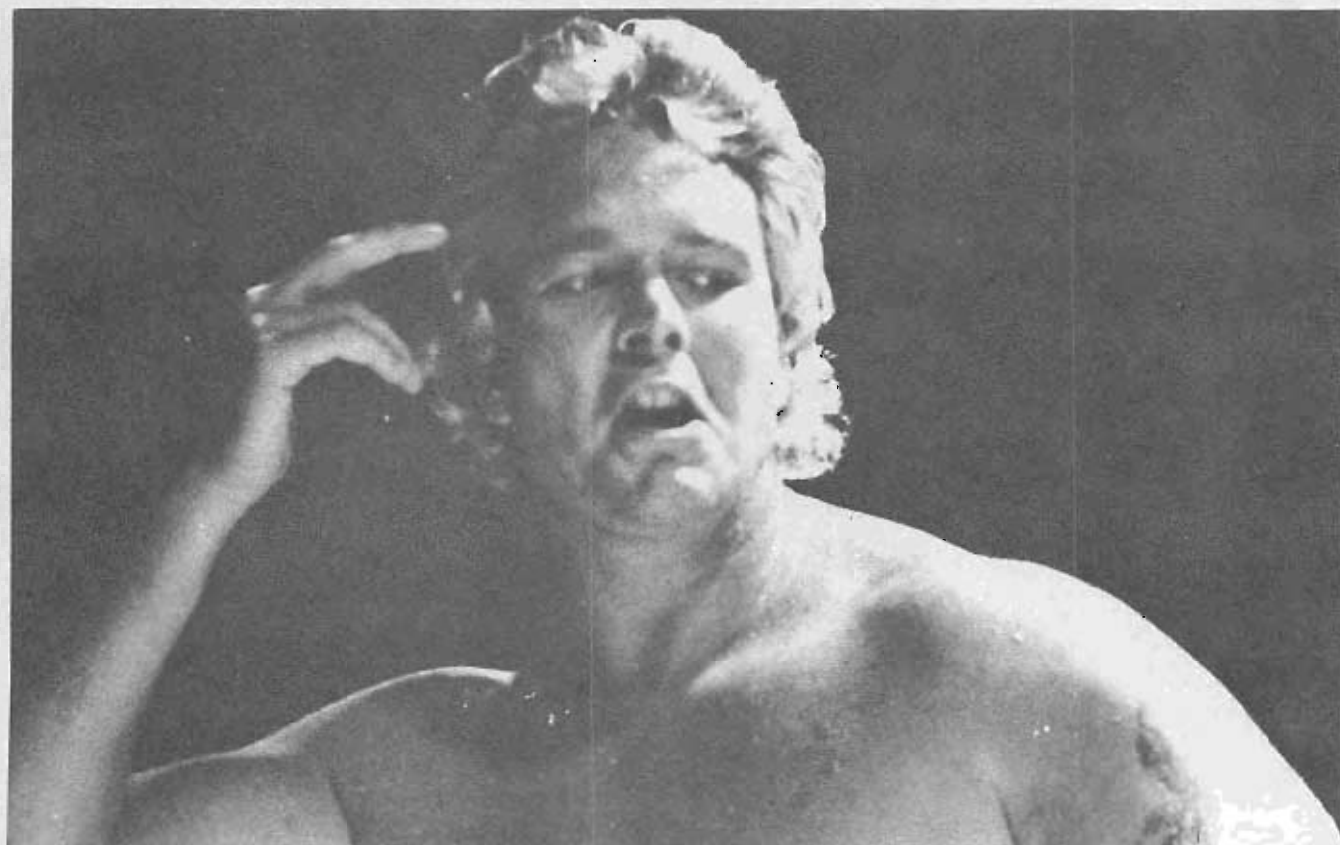
If I have one weakness it's that I do not keep all this beauty to myself. I always try to share it with my adoring fans. And I don't mind ad-

mitting this has gotten me into trouble on rare occasions. When I see a fan pointing a camera at me during a match I just can't resist. I stop what I'm doing and I pose. And opponents have taken advantage of that. But I can't help it. If an opponent belts me while I'm posing and gives me a bloody nose...well...





*"Look at that face (left). It's somethin' else. This was taken while I was waiting for one of my most recent victims—Chief Jay Strongbow—to enter the ring. Above: Here I was caught off guard again admiring myself in a mirror. I couldn't resist."*

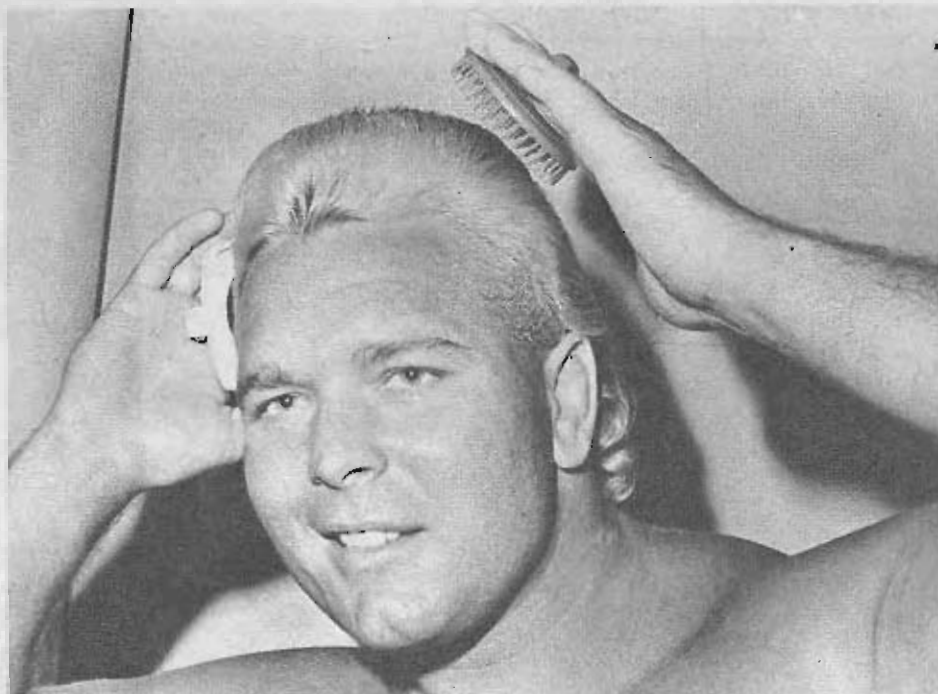


*"Beauty plus brains is a great combination and I've got both. Here I'm showing Strongbow how clever I am after tricking him."*

that'll go away in a day or so. But that fan with the camera may never get another chance to snap that picture from that particular angle—a picture he or she will undoubtedly treasure for years and years to come. What's a bloody nose compared to a

lifelong treasure for someone?

There are people who have priceless works of art and they keep these beautiful treasures locked up in an apartment. The public rarely, if ever, gets a chance to see them. I can't buy that. I feel beauty should be



"I enjoy grooming myself (left) because it's important I always look my best for my many fans. I think it's terrible the way some wrestlers don't take care of the way they look. It means they don't care about their fans. On the other hand—the way most of 'em look—nothing would help. Below: Just as you wouldn't put a rare jewel in a dime store setting or an expensive painting in a cheap frame, you can't expect to put me in average clothes. Here the Grand Wizard adjusts the sleeve of one of my very expensive jackets. My wardrobe is second to none."



"Having a build like an Adonis is not easy. I take great care of my body and work out every day to keep my fantastic physique tuned to top-notch condition. Wrestlers who let themselves get flabby like Strongbow and Pedro Morales disgust me. I can't see how they do it."

shared. That's why I became a wrestler. I knew that wrestling would give me exposure no other sport or occupation could. And it would give the public an opportunity to view one of nature's wonders.

Although I'm doing this for you (I

could keep me all to myself if I was a mean person), there'll still be some of you who say I have an inflated ego...a big head. Well, the very fact that I'm willing to *share* myself with all of you *proves* I don't have a big ego. After all, if Leonardo Da Vinci



were alive today and said "I have painted one of the most beautiful paintings in the world—the Mona Lisa"—nobody would accuse him of having an inflated ego. It's the same way with me.

So enjoy these pictures as much as I enjoy them. Show them to your friends. Hang them on your bulletin board. Don't be like those people who keep beautiful works of art hidden away from the general public. Handsome Jim Valiant is to be shared...to be admired by everyone.



**W**HEN THE SHEIK and John Tolos tore each other to pieces at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles (See THE WRESTLER/Aug. '72) everybody agreed there hadn't been a bloodier battle on the west coast since the Bear Flag Revolt, in which California won its independence from Mexico. But since promoter Mike Lebell had taken John Tolos' Americas Championship belt and held it up because of the outcome of that match, he knew he'd have to allow the Sheik and John Tolos to go at each other again.

"I really didn't want to match these two again," Lebell mentioned, "but the belt situation made it mandatory. We had no other choice."

And by the time the smoke cleared, the second war between these two made their first battle seem like

a Sunday School picnic!

The match lasted only 17 minutes. But those 17 minutes took a heavy toll. Because after the Sheik got through—this is how his scorecard read:

\*Referee Gerry Murdock carried

from the ring on a stretcher and hospitalized.

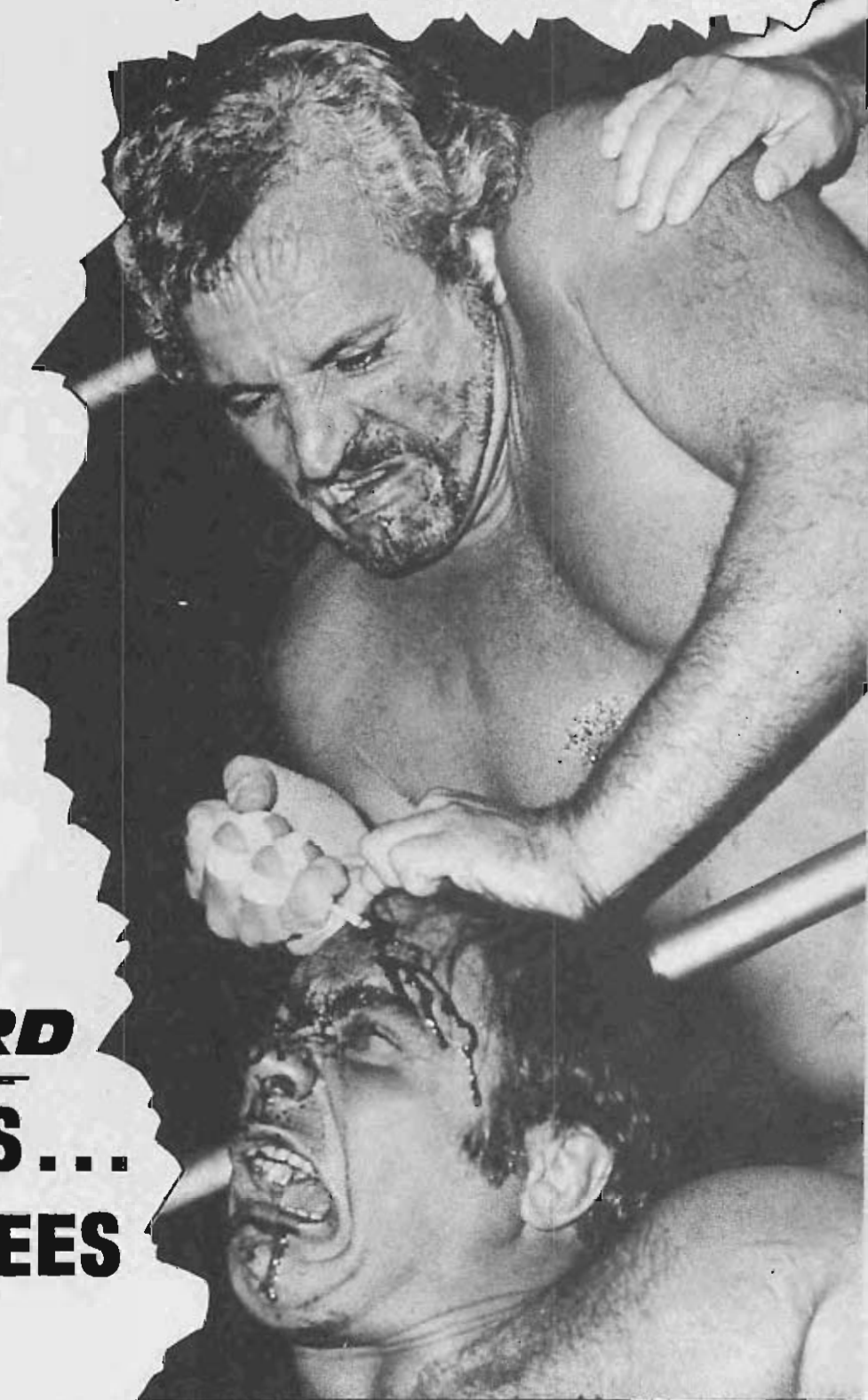
\*Referee Hank "Box Car" Metheny taken to a hospital for x-rays.

\*Promoter Mike Lebell carved into a bloody mess by The Sheik's pencil.

\*Police officer Tom Cornwell

*John Tolos cries out in pain as The Sheik slices him up with his everpresent sharp pencil. Tolos wasn't the only one to feel The Sheik's wrath.*

**THE  
SHEIK'S  
BLOODY  
SCORECARD  
JOHN TOLOS...  
TWO REFEREES  
AND  
EVEN THE PROMOTER!!!**





stabbed in the ensuing riot.

\*John Tolos taken to the hospital for x-rays. He received 17 stitches in his head.

\*The Sheik received eight stitches from his private doctor.

\*Nineteen fans treated for injuries.

In order to hopefully prevent exactly what happened, promoter Mike Lebell assigned two referees to the rematch and shortened it from the usual two out of three falls necessary for a title bout to a one fall to a finish match. Also, Abdullah Farouk,

known as "The Weasel" on the west coast, was barred from the ring in what might have turned out to be a bad move.

The two referees were no better than one had been. Before the bell rang The Sheik leaped out of his corner and, brandishing his pencil, went to work on John Tolos' face. He carved him up so badly Tolos' blood spurted on fans sitting as far back as the fifth row!

But The Sheik didn't stop there.

When referee Hank Metheny tried to pull The Sheik off Tolos the wild Arab decked him and was about to work on him with a pencil when Tolos came to his rescue. Grabbing the pencil from the wild man from the middle east, John carved a road map on The Sheik's head—just as the Arab had done to him earlier.

However, The Sheik grabbed the pencil back, stabbed Tolos in the eye, and rolled him out of the ring. It was here he noticed he was bleeding himself and this made him go berserk. He saw referee Gerry Murdock and went after him. Poor Gerry was carved up worse than Tolos and had



Referee Gerry Murdock watches John Tolos (above) re-enter the ring after The Sheik carved a bloody map into his forehead. In a few minutes Murdock was enroute to the hospital. Left: The Olympic's promoter, Mike Lebell, is also bleeding courtesy of The Sheik. Right: The Sheik prays for help from Allah after he was disqualified in the bloody match.



***"This will not be allowed to happen again," said bloody promoter Mike Lebell. "The Sheik against John Tolos is just too hot to handle. These guys will have to pay me before they get into the ring again. They're both too crazy!"***

*The Sheik goes berserk after being disqualified and rips up a wooden chair with his bare hands! With Abdullah Farouk barred from the ring there was nobody to control the Arab maniac. After he tore the chair to shreds — he ate it—every piece!*

to be removed from the arena on a stretcher!

As Murdock was being carried out, Hank Metheny tried to handle the match alone. His job was made a little easier when Tolos hurled The Sheik out of the ring and went out after him. Metheny began to count as the two went at each other outside the ring. Tolos was clubbing The Sheik senseless but managed to stop and crawl back into the ring by the count of 18. The Sheik remained on the floor outside—foaming at the mouth. As Metheny counted to 20, Sheik was disqualified and Tolos' hand was raised in victory! Looking on in horror, The Sheik finally realized what was happening and this time he really flipped his lid!

He attacked Metheny and when promoter Mike Lebell handed the belt up to Tolos The Sheik went after the promoter as well. People gasped in horror as the Arab took out his pencil and began to carve the forehead of the young promoter!

Blood spurted from Lebell's head as he was carried back to his office for treatment after riot police pulled The Sheik off him. Then, to the utter disgust of the crowd, The Sheik grabbed the timekeeper's wooden chair and began to chew it and eat it—piece by piece!

The fans couldn't believe their eyes. Women ran up the aisles and out of the arena. Some people threw up. For 20 minutes the crazed Arab sat in the ring eating the splintered wood. Finally, the fans couldn't take any more and many of them went after The Sheik. The riot police had their hands full and officer Tom Cornwell was stabbed. Nineteen people needed treatment.

In his office, after taking two showers to get rid of all the blood, Mike Lebell was still shaking. "Never again," he said to this reporter. "This

*Referee Hank Metheny and John Tolos try to get a chair away from the crazed Arab. After the match was over, Sheik again grabbed the chair and tore it into slivers which he ate. No one who saw this disgusting spectacle remembers seeing anything to equal it.*

Sheik and John Tolos thing is too hot to handle. These guys better pay me before they get into the ring here again. They're both crazy!"

Meanwhile, in a dressing room surrounded by riot police, Abdullah Farouk was livid with rage.

"Never in my long and glorious career as a manager have I ever seen such indignities heaped upon a gentleman like The Sheik!" he roared. "This was a disgusting spectacle. Not only did he have to defend himself against that slob Tolos, he had to battle two referees and all the fans.

And the worse thing of all was that the entire thing could have been prevented.

"Why did they have to ban me? Was it necessary. Are they happier now after what happened? They know how crowds scare my Sheik. He was petrified. He didn't know what was happening. He saw them raise Tolos' hand and knew he lost. But it was unfair. He doesn't know what the counting means. He doesn't understand English. Usually, if he's out of the ring, I yell the numbers to him in Arabic. This time I couldn't





The Sheik (left) is oblivious to John Tolos, who's grabbing his head, as he happily munches on a piece of wood he tore loose from a wooden chair. Below and below, left: Confused and angry at losing, The Sheik sits in the ring and devours the chair piece by piece. He sat there for more than 20 minutes until he finished. When he was through, fans were saying "I don't believe he ate the whole thing!"



explain what was happening. If I had been allowed to be in his corner where I belong this never would have happened. The referees wouldn't have been injured. The promoter wouldn't have been injured. There'd been no riot. The Sheik was trapped out there like a wild animal surrounded by hunters. He was scared out of his wits. Why do you think he ate that chair? He felt that if he showed them he was man enough to rip a wooden chair to shreds with his teeth nobody would go near him or hurt him.

"My Sheik and I have traveled throughout the world and nowhere have we ever received worse treatment than in southern California. This place is worse than Toronto. The people here are maniacs. No wonder everybody says all the nuts live here. It's true. Here is a man who has dined with kings and sultans. Look how they treat him! Look how they treat me! This entire incident could've been averted had they allowed Abdullah Farouk in the ring. If that silly promoter was injured he has only himself to blame!"

The Sheik and Farouk needed a police escort to take them back to the airport so they could get out of California alive. Fans waited outside the arena for three hours hoping to get a crack at him. "I'd hate to see what might've happened if Tolos hadn't won that belt back," said one policeman. It was easy to see why. His uniform was covered with blood and he had a cut on his cheek. He was one of the men who'd escorted The Sheik back to the dressing room. The Sheik had attacked him, too!



**I**T IS INDEED rare when at the conclusion of a match both wrestlers are given a standing ovation by an audience—especially an audience as highly partisan as the fans in Montreal.

But when Verne Gagne traveled to that beautiful city to put his American Wrestling Alliance championship on the line against the beloved Edouard Carpentier—that's exactly

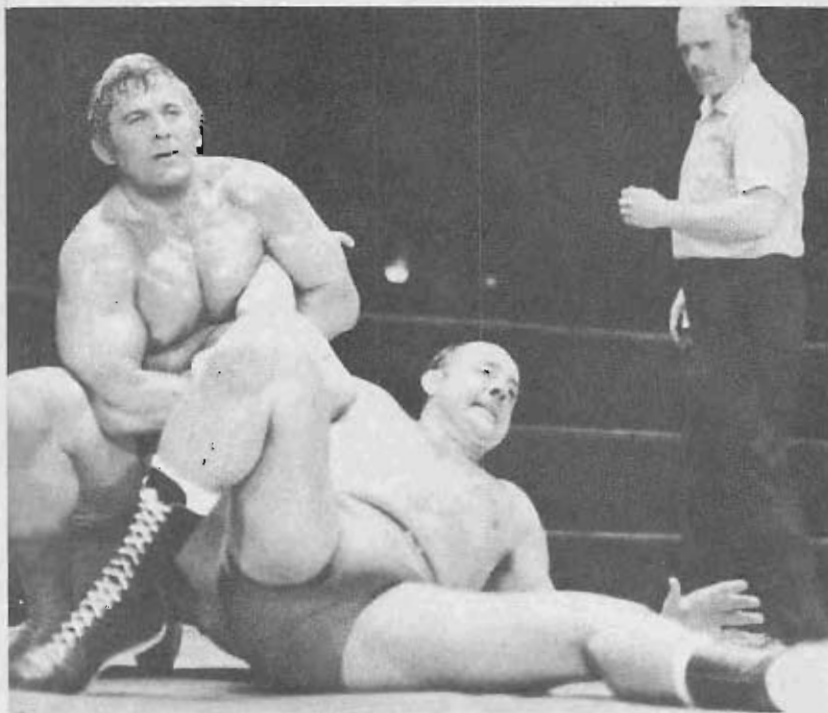
what happened. Both men received standing ovations for more than a minute! And it proves that fans still love a scientific match between two masters of the sport.

After seeing the likes of Mad Dog Vachon, Abdullah the Butcher, Joe Leduc, Killer Kowalski and other such maniacs for so long the Gagne-Carpentier pairing was something totally new and unique for Montreal

spectators. In fact, they're so used to seeing Carpentier having to battle characters like Baron Von Raschke so often, many fans called the promoter's office asking if the advertisement in the newspapers headlining a Carpentier-Gagne match was a misprint. When assured it wasn't they turned out in record numbers.

"Logically, I suppose, wrestling Carpentier in front of his home fans

*Edouard Carpentier puts everything he has into a punishing armlock on Verne Gagne (below). Edouard (left) called it "one of my most enjoyable matches."*



**WHO SAYS  
THEY DON'T  
HAVE MATCHES  
LIKE THEY  
USED TO?**

might be considered a tactical error," said Verne after the sensational match. "But when you think about it, is there another wrestler more deserving of a title shot than Edouard? He's wrestled every big name around and he's the kind of wrestler who's a credit to the sport. Believe me, as much as I don't want to lose my title, if I had to lose it I'd rather it be to Carpentier in a clean match than to

someone like Ivan Koloff through questionable circumstances.

"I knew all about Edouard's loyal fans and believe me, wrestling in front of your own fans makes a big difference. But although they rooted hard for Edouard—as they should—they treated me wonderfully. The people up there love Carpentier and they know their wrestling. But they gave me as warm a reception as I've

had anywhere."

Although he did not receive the wild cheering the enormously popular Carpentier received, Gagne was greeted by what could be called respectful applause—a far cry from the derisive and often violent reception usually given to Carpentier's opponents. And as the match progressed the enthusiasm built. Whenever one man applied a particularly well-executed hold the fans broke out in applause. When either man used a scientific escape to break out of a hold the fans applauded again.

"This was the kind of match it was a pleasure to be involved with," said referee Bernard Rioux. "I didn't have to issue a single warning. If they got caught in the ropes I'd just say 'break' and whichever man had the hold immediately released it. There was no hair pulling, pulling of trunks or anything like that. It was such a clean match that not once did the fans try to call my attention to any wrongdoing. Tonight I was as much a spectator as any fan sitting in the audience. And let me tell you it was wonderful. After refereeing so many matches with nuts like Vachon and Von Raschke in them I'd almost forgotten what a *real* wrestling match is all about."

With two absolute masters of holds and escapes grappling with one another the fans were treated to a series of sensational takedowns and even more sensational escapes. Carpentier started out in his usual dynamic style, catching Gagne with a flying head scissors at the outset. Verne got out of it via a handstand and flip.

Gagne then clamped on a rolling short-arm scissors which Carpentier escaped from by hurtling his body over Verne's and turning the hold into an armbar. That's the way the match went. One great move followed by another.

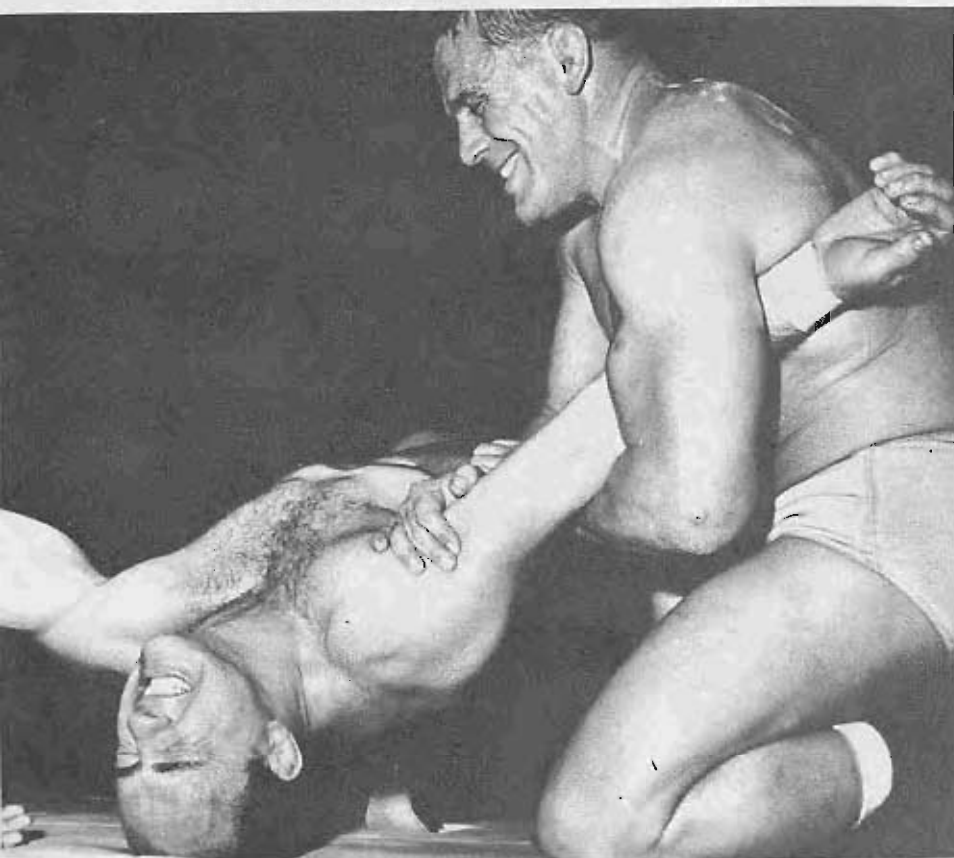
The fans were eagerly anticipating a battle of dropkicks since Gagne and Carpentier are probably the two finest practitioners of this maneuver in the world today. But oddly enough each man tried the move only once—because that one time almost proved disastrous for each of them.

Gagne hip-rolled Edouard who, as he was rolling, got to his feet and careened into the ropes to give him momentum for his dropkick. But Verne was waiting and he actually caught Carpentier by the legs and turned it into a giant swing!

(Continued on page 56)



*"Is there another wrestler more deserving of a title shot than Carpentier?" Gagne (left) asked. "He's a credit to our sport." Below: Verne's neck bridge saves him from a possible pin as Carpentier works on an armbar. The two greats battled to a draw.*



**"They don't have matches like they used to." That's the complaint of many old timers who are appalled at the brutality of today's wrestlers and this story is about just such a match.**

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Tallahassee, FL 32301  
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## BLOODY OBSESSION!

(Continued from Page 21)

Bruiser slammed his sledgehammer of a fist into his face. Once. Twice. Three times. Again blood flowed from the cuts from the Red Cloud match—cuts that had been dammed up only minutes before. Bruiser added a few new ones himself and Heenan's face just flowed and flowed with blood. By this time Mulligan was back in action and he tried to help his beleaguered buddy.

But few things buoy Bruiser like the sight of Heenan's blood. He



Heenan's face is a grotesque mask after he received two terrible beatings in one night.

grabbed Mulligan by the hair and rammed his head into Heenan's. Bruiser slammed the two heads together like cymbals time and again. He was having the time of his life. Mulligan's face was now as red as Heenan's.

Like a kid who finally tires of a toy, Bruiser decided he'd had enough fun and he just let Heenan and Mulligan drop to the ground. Both Heenan and Mulligan had to be helped back to the dressing room.

"Happens every time," Bruiser laughed in his dressing room. "Some guys just never learn. One of these



Bobby lies on a dressing room table before the ring physician came in to stitch him up.

days he's got to run out of blood. He's got to eat five rare steaks a day just to stay even. You think he's learned his lesson? He hasn't. The next town I'll wrestle in you can bet your last dollar he'll be there, trying to get the drop on me. It never changes."

Just then, Bruiser turned around and let out a big laugh. Someone had written in chalk on a blackboard "Bobby Heenan Bleeds For Our Sins."

Over in the other dressing room, Heenan was lying on his back as the ring physician stitched up the mass of cuts on Heenan's face. But while this was going on, Heenan was talking with Mulligan.

"I happen to know he's going to be in Chicago next week," Heenan explained to Mulligan. "We'll get him there. Oh yeah! We're gonna get him there."

There was no doubt who he was talking about, but just in case, he was asked.

"Who you gettin' in Chicago, Bobby?"

"Why Bruiser, of course," he replied, still bleeding. "I'm gonna get him yet. One of these days I'm gonna get that sonovabitch. I'm gonna wipe him out. I'm gonna tear him limb from limb. I'm gonna..."

He closed his eyes and his voice trailed off. He'd taken two horrible beatings already and even talking was a chore. And as he shut his eyes, perhaps to sleep and dream, there would be no doubt as to whose face would haunt those dreams.

And whether it would be Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Gary, or anywhere else, Bobby Heenan would again soon come face-to-face with his obsession. And again he'd pay for it with his own blood! ☐



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## WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 8)

berto Soto. Roberto agreed that Spears' absence might have cost Buddy the crown.

"He needs Spears in his corner because he can't win matches by himself," Roberto explained. "When Colt's in trouble Spears is always there to pass him a foreign object or to foul Colt's opponent when the referee isn't looking. If Spears had been in the corner during my match against Colt I have no doubt Colt would still be wearing the belt—with his manager's help, of course!"

"Who Is The Boss?" That was the recent headline of The Olympic Auditorium's official program, *"The Grappler."* It was referring to the case of the split team of Goliath and Black Gordman. The two Mexican terrors were finally going to settle their differences inside a steel cage. The winner of the bout would become the boss over the loser. This meant that Gordman, who had turned clean, would have to go back to his old rule-breaking ways if Goliath beat him. If Gordman won, his former partner would have to turn clean! Some of the other terms in the contract were:

- 1) The loser must do anything and everything his partner instructs him to. This includes wrestling dirty against former friends.

- 2) The loser must shine the winner's boots before every bout for a period of no less than one year.

- 3) The winner has the right to make the loser leave town within a year if he so wishes.

Unfortunately for Black Gordman, he's had to go back to his old ways. Goliath defeated him and now owns Gordman body and soul.

The Interns and their controversial manager, Dr. Ken Ramey, had to get the help of some outside doctors and interns after their pier six brawl with Tojo Yamamoto and "Flashy" Eddie Marlin.

"They always got themselves disqualified whenever Tojo and I were on the way to victory," Marlin commented after the match. "This time there was no chance of that," Tojo added. "We got them to accept a no time limit and no disqualification bout. There was no way out for those skunks this time."

We really gave it to 'em! I hope they have their hospitalization paid up!"

Some notes from here and there:—Dory Funk Jr. and Brother Terry *unsuccessfully* defended the International Tag Team title against Big Baba and Sakaguchi. The new champs said the Funks were the dirtiest wrestlers they've ever faced! Both Dory's and Terry's styles have changed considerably in the past months. What gives? ... It looks as though Nick Bockwinkel and Ray Stevens have called it quits. Ray is grappling in northern California while Nick confines his action to Los Angeles ... Waldo Von Eric continues to hold tight to his regional (Buffalo, Cleveland area) title



*L'il Abner has no complaints about having only one referee—as long as he's good.*

... The Love Brothers have challenged the Kangaroos in hopes of winning the world tag team title ... Abdullah and Dom Denucci almost killed each other in a well-known plush night club ... Ripper Collins has made it known that he's out to destroy every wrestler who calls himself a champion ... Tony Marino and Toni Parisi are continuing their fabulous winning streak. They're undefeated in 10 consecutive bouts ... George "The Animal" Steele wants people to stop calling him an animal. He wants to be called "The Superior Animal." So does Pampero Firpo ... Lord Athol Layton is still considering throwing his hat into the political ring.

Lou Albano's newest charge is The Spoiler. He's from Texas and

resembles Blackjack Mulligan. He even wears a half glove on his hand and his favorite hold is—The Claw—which was Mulligan's best hold!

"Blackjack Mulligan looks like a little baby compared to my champion," Albano bragged. "I say *champion* because Morales is so scared of this man he's asked us if he can turn the belt over to The Spoiler so he won't have to wrestle the man."

"Do you think there should be more than one referee to officiate in tag team matches?" That's our "Question Of The Month," sent in by Elsa Marquez. Here are some of the answers we received when we polled several wrestlers:

ERNIE LADD: "I don't think there should be *any* referees in single or tag matches. The whole sport would be better off without them!"

KARL GOTCH: "Of course there should be more than one referee. If there had been two on the night Rene Goulet and I lost our title to King Curtis and Baron Sicluna, we'd still have the belts."

LIL' ABNER: "Referees are okay as long as they're alert and on top of things. Sometimes you get a referee whose mind is somewhere else and he doesn't notice your being double teamed."

DON CURTIS: "One referee is enough as long as you have two teams that will stick by the rules. But this is rare—very rare. Yup, I vote for two referees in a tag match."

Art Neilson has become a "good guy." As a matter of fact, he's been teaming with former enemy Johnny Weaver. What's the reason for Johnny's sudden change of heart?

"I found that Weaver and other so-called 'good guys' are just that—good guys," Neilson explained. "I admired the fact that they had so many loyal fans and I wanted to be in the same boat. It's not so hard sticking to the rule-book once you get used to it." Let's see how long that lasts.

Correspondent Mike Mooneyham reports that Pak Song, the Korean star, offered \$5,000 to anyone who could beat him in a karate match. Hiro Matsuda, who holds a black belt in the deadly sport, took Song up on the deal but lost.

Texas, long known for its bloody and off-beat matches, has banned Russian Chain bouts. This was announced after Boris Malenko and Terry Funk almost strangled each other to death and touched off a near riot when fans attempted to storm the ring and help their favorite.

"In a way I'm glad," Malenko said. "I'm in there to win—not to kill anybody." Funk, who has trouble enough with all the feuds he has going, heartily agreed. So why did they try to kill each other? Who knows?

From now on please address Billy Graham as "Billy Graham—Superstar." That's right. Billy insists on it.

"Well it's the truth," he said. "I am a superstar and demand to be addressed as such. A king is addressed as 'Your Highness' and I should be afforded the same honor. Do I make myself clear?"

You sure do—Your Superstarness!

The Grand Wizard has signed a tag team he's convinced will be the next World Wide Wrestling Federation champions.

"You will be terrified to learn," the Wizard stated in a telegram to current champions Sonny King and Chief Jay Strongbow, "that I have purchased the contracts of the two greatest wrestlers Japan has ever produced—Toru Tanaka and the Great Fuji. If you'd care to spare yourself permanent injury you may drop the belts off at my office and take the next bus out of New York."

Tanaka and Fuji held the Japanese tag team title before both decided to wrestle as singles. They were always a tough team and with the Grand Wizard behind them they should be even tougher!

And speaking of the Grand Wizard, guess who was named as "Manager of the Year" at the Wrestling Fans annual convention in Boston this year? That's right—the Wiz himself. But his speech was hardly something you see on the Academy Awards shows.

"I know I deserve this," Wiz stated, "and I'm thrilled that you know it as well. I can't imagine the choice was too difficult. After all, consider my competition!"

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## WHO SAYS THEY DON'T HAVE MATCHES LIKE THEY USED TO?

(Continued from Page 49)

Carpentier's evasion when Verne tried a dropkick later was even more spectacular. As Gagne came in for his dropkick his body was perfectly horizontal. Edouard ducked under the champion so that Verne completely missed him. And when he landed he landed with his back right on Carpentier's shoulders and Edouard immediately turned it into an airplane spin!

The match continued along as even as it could be. It almost seemed the two were playing a game of "I dare you to put any hold on me because I'm going to escape from it." Gagne tried everything in the book. And so did Carpentier. But they were so even nobody ever got a clear-cut advantage.

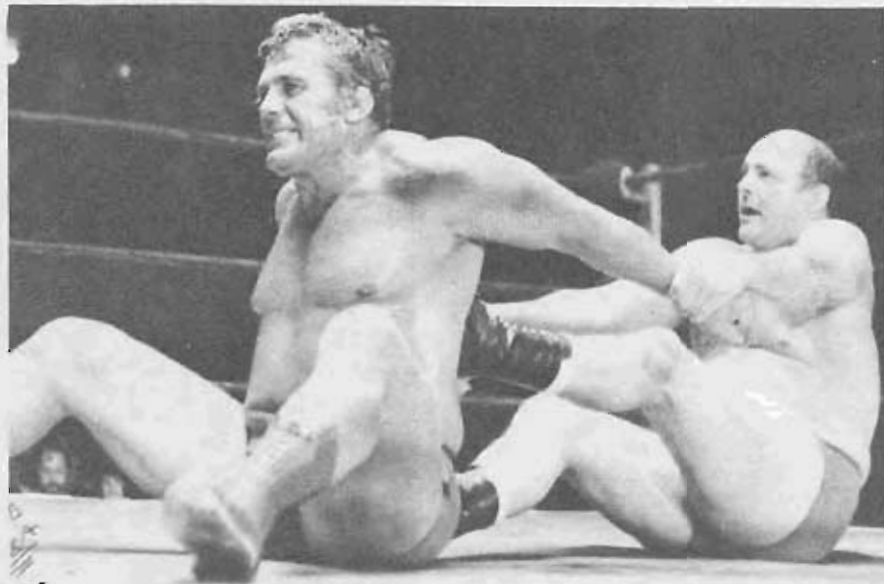
By the time the half-hour limit was reached, both men were dog-tired. And whereas a draw is never a satisfying decision for any man after 30 grueling minutes, it was probably the best verdict that could have been reached. It was the kind of match that would have been a shame for either man to lose.

"Naturally, I am disappointed I

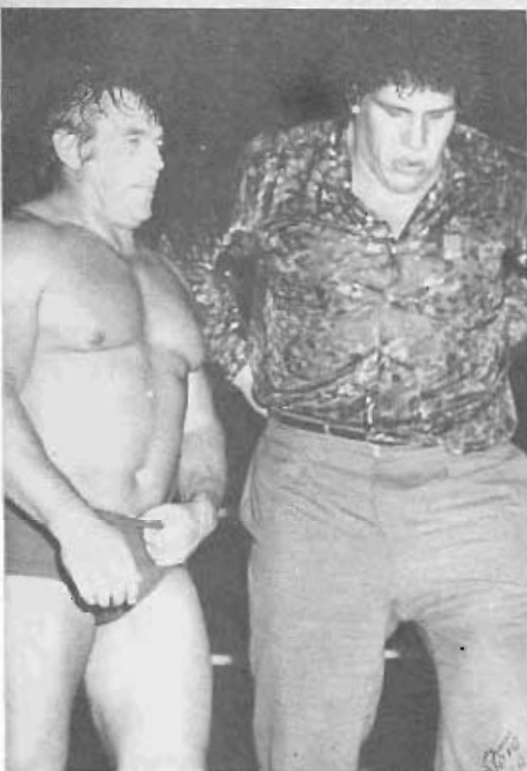
did not win the belt," Carpentier stated after it was over. "For him a draw is like a win. He's still champion. But even though I didn't win I must say this was one of the most enjoyable matches I've ever had. Mr. Gagne is a great, great champion and truly a gentleman. He's the kind of opponent who makes you test your

skills to the limit. I am thankful he came here to give me this opportunity and I hope to get the chance to wrestle him again in front of his fans. But right now all I can think of is how exhausted I am."

Edouard and Verne have wrestled each other before. Two other matches ended in a draw and another—the



Verne stretches Edouard's arms behind his back with this Surfboard, but the dynamic Carpentier was able to escape trouble via a backflip. This was the fourth match between the two. Gagne has the lone triumph.



Both dejected with the draw, Carpentier and Jean Ferro await the announcement after Edouard's match with Gagne.



Carpentier (above) executes a spectacular backflip to escape a Gagne hold. Right: Verne and Edouard hook up in a test of strength. Note the sweat and strain obvious on both men.





only one in which either man was awarded a victory—was won by Gagne in Chicago in 1967 when Carpentier injured his leg and was unable to continue.

"Yeah I remember that," Verne laughed. "In fact, when the referee called us to the center of the ring before tonight's match the first thing I asked Carpentier was how his knee was.

"It's fine now—strong as can be," he told me. "You mean it won't pay me to work on that knee?" I asked him. "Not one bit," he said. "If it gets injured it'll be as much of a surprise to me as it will be to you."

"And he was right. I tried a few holds which concentrate pressure on the knee but they had no effect. I'll tell you something, though. This guy's been around a couple of years himself. And he just doesn't seem to get old. He wrestled as well tonight as I've ever seen him. He knocks you out."

One interested spectator at the match was seven-foot, four-inch tall Jean Ferre, Carpentier's protege. He called it the greatest match he ever saw.

"Never have I seen Edouard have so much trouble with a wrestler who is clean," Jean observed. "That Gagne. No wonder he is the champion. I learned more tonight than I would have in two months in a gym. Watching these two makes you realize how little you really know. I thought I'd learned a lot. Compared to them I'm still an amateur."

"You know it's funny," he added. "On the way to the arena Edouard told me watch carefully tonight. He said I'd see wrestling unlike anything I'd ever seen before. He also said I'd probably see him in the most difficult match he's had in a long time. It was all true. I feel badly because I know how much Edouard wanted to win tonight. But to lose to a man like Gagne is certainly no disgrace. I would be honored just to appear in the same ring with him."

With maniacs like The Sheik, Killer Kowalski and the Blackjacks running around it's a rare treat for fans to see a scientific exhibition such as Gagne and Carpentier put on. And if enough promoters could have seen the crowd's reaction to the clean match there's no doubt a lot of wrestlers who think the sport consists of biting and kicking and punching might be out of business very quick. □

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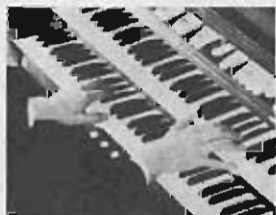
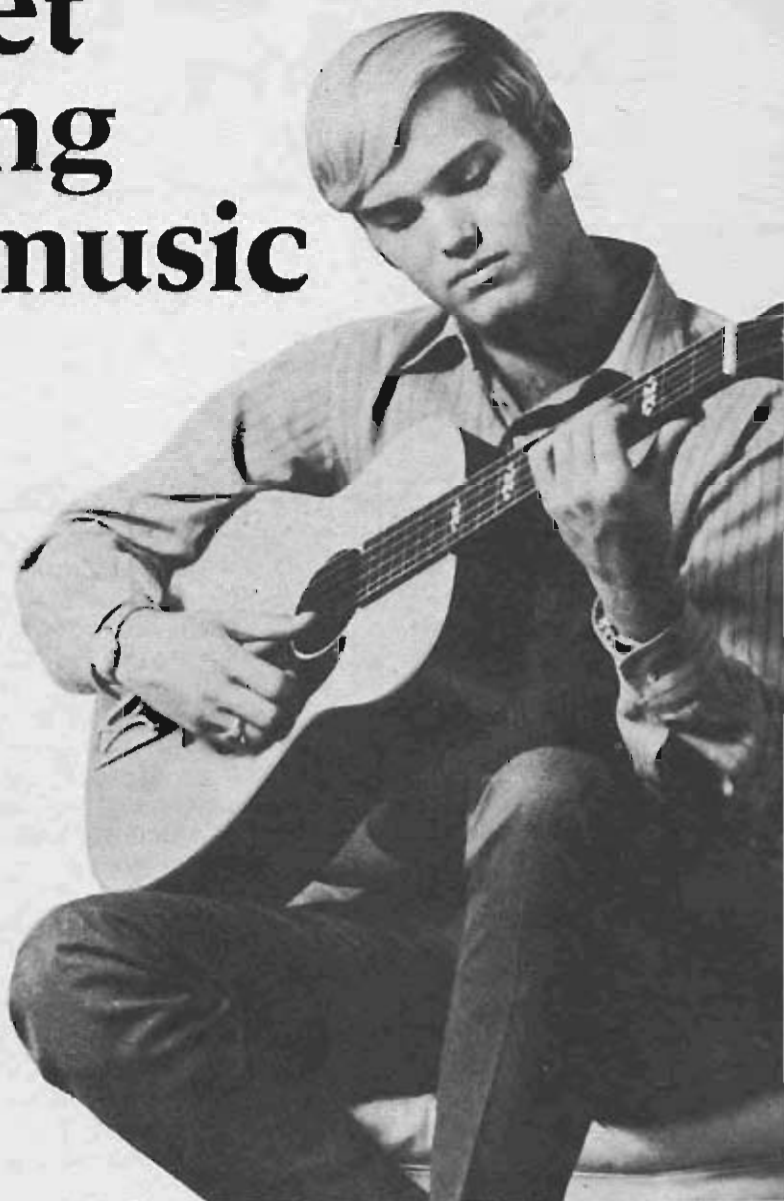
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## "CURSE OF THE GOLDEN GODDESS"

(Continued from Page 29)

But I was wrong. I was just substituting one false identity for another. Then, when I met George, everything started to change. I could really be myself. After we got married nobody ever said 'there goes the Golden Goddess.' I was Mrs. George Becker—Joyce Becker. I'd finally found what I was after. And once I did I was able to drop all these pretensions. I was even able to go back to wrestling. After I'd stopped being Barbara Nichols I vowed I'd never wrestle again. I wanted no part of it. But now I have so much peace of mind I can get back in that ring without worrying about impressing anybody. It's like a reformed alcoholic being able to stand around a bar without taking a drink. I finally drove the curse or the jinx or whatever you want to call it out of my system."

Joyce explained that she'd been a small-town girl who became infatuated with the glamor and excitement of professional wrestling. Raised on a farm, she spent her childhood picking cotton, riding horses, milking cows and helping to can fruits and vegetables. When she was old enough to work she got a job as a waitress and later as a model. But when she went to the Farm Center Arena in Dothan, Alabama, she was struck by the glamorous world of wrestling.

She began her career in 1967 in Maine. Her first opponent was Betty Boucher. But she was so spectacular she soon wrestled all the top stars, people like Toni Rose, Belle Starr, Barbara Owens, Donna Christenello, Fabulous Moolah. Paula Kaye, Sandy Parker and others. And like these girls, Joyce was herself a blazing star.

She traveled throughout the world. And everywhere she went her beautiful face, and spectacular ring feats made her a favorite.

And then she disappeared.

"What I realized was that I was still a small-town girl at heart," Joyce admitted. "I guess being a big star and seeing the world was something I had to get out of my system. That was the 'curse' you wrote about. Now I'm just as happy as I can be playing with my son and being with my husband. I'm happier just staying at home listening to country and western music than I was trying to be someone I wasn't. It took George to

Referee Al Mandell informs Joyce (below) he has disqualified both she and Tami Jones. Why? The photo on the bottom shows why. Both gals were unconscious and outside the ring for a 20 count.



make me realize this."

Joyce Grable is gone now. The "Golden Goddess" is nothing more than a page of wrestling history. In her place is Joyce Becker. The pretty face and beautiful figure remain. So do the dropkicks, cartwheels and other gymnastic moves. But there are differences. Joyce Becker seems happier and more self-assured than Joyce Grable ever did.

Yes. The "Golden Goddess" is gone. And so is the "curse" she carried around with her! ☐



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## JERRY MILLER

(Continued from Page 37)

I saw he was wearing those boots," Markoff, the European champion, stated. "You can say I'm superstitious if you want but I've seen what happened to other guys who tried it. Strange things happen. They get injured or they slip on something. Whoever comes in contact with those things winds up in trouble. Do I believe in magic? Right now I don't know what to believe in anymore. Let's face it. Miller just isn't that good. But ever since he's put on those boots he's beating guys who used to have no trouble against him. How do you explain that?"

Jerry doesn't even try. A fine grappler both in high school and college, Jerry didn't turn pro for a number of years and the layoff hurt him. Instead, he chose to pursue a career as a professional boxer for six years and as a part-time barber to supplement his meagre boxing income. While training in a gym, a friendly argument broke out between some boxers and wrestlers as to who was involved in the better sport. When one of the professional wrestlers showed Jerry his paycheck—Miller unlaced his gloves and never put them on again.

The mustachioed Miller, who is no relation to the notorious Miller brothers, began his career near his Shreveport, Louisiana, home, but really began to make it big in the midwest. Because of the six-year layoff after his amateur days, he had a lot of trouble winning matches. Then, when he finally got in the groove, a horrible motorcycle accident almost took his life. He was left hospitalized for nearly six months.

"Professional wrestlers do an awful lot of traveling," Jerry said, "and since I always enjoyed a motorcycle I figured it'd be a good way for me to go from match to match. It also enabled me to get a good look at America. I was sort of a wrestling 'Easy Rider.'"

"One day I was going along pretty good and there was a sudden turnoff in the road. I couldn't follow the turn and I plowed straight into a barbed wire fence. The force of the impact almost tore the top of my head off. I needed 35 stitches to sew the gash. The doctor told me if the wire had been four inches lower I wouldn't be around to talk about it. I was still a



Jerry stalks Chris (above) who complained bitterly about the boots. Left: Jerry's about to slug Markoff even though Chris is begging him for mercy.



wise guy in those days so I told him 'Sure, if it had been two inches higher it would have missed me completely.' Needless to say, I've abandoned my cycle for more conventional modes of travel."

Again Jerry had to wrestle himself back into shape. He was still losing his share of matches when he designed the new boots. "I saw them in a magazine story about this Captain America character. I thought they looked real nice. I decided to make myself a pair," he recalled. Since he did he's been unstoppable and is on the way to some midwest titles. He already has held the midwest tag team title with Greg Valentine.

A poll of wrestlers who have faced Jerry Miller revealed that none of

Former boxer Jerry Miller lets Markoff have a perfect right to the head. Jerry won the match. Many opponents claim he is a different wrestler ever since he started wearing what have been termed "magic boots."

them believe his boots have any magic power...or if they do...they aren't saying. But each one pointed out that Miller is a different wrestler since the boots.

Coincidence? Who knows. But more and more wrestlers are doing what Chris Markoff did. They'll wrestle Jerry—but not if he wears his "magic wrestling boots." □

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There are NO GIMMICKS OR GADGETS, we do not trade in strenuous exercisers, appliances, elevators, or drugs . . . New Height® is based on a Swiss/English Scientific method that offers secret yet SOUND PRINCIPLES that are PROVEN and GUARANTEED to reactivate your whole body into exciting upward action . . . or your money back!

If you would like to go through life just that little bit taller. If you really want to change the way others look at you and the way you look at yourself then simply send in the free coupon to us and LEARN THE SECRET OF GROWTH. Post the no-risk coupon and within hours we will rush you Free our height secrets which can enable you to make exciting height gains that will thrill and amaze your friends.

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NEW HEIGHT® means a whole new outlook and new horizons to all — no matter who you are—man or woman—young or not-so-young, skinny, fat, short or very short . . . If you feel you would like to improve yourself with a few more quick inches of useful height — then the secret of NEW HEIGHT® is for you!

### WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT NEW HEIGHT®

Just read what this man had to say about our secret height increasing method:

"At 43 years of age I have gained 3" in height. My ambition is to keep going until I reach the six foot mark."  
and "G.E." from New York says . . .  
"Your NEW HEIGHT course is worth ten times your cost. My life has changed since I gained 3 1/2".  
and here's what 1/CPL Angel L. Toledo of the Marines had to say,  
"The results were amazing. I am very grateful for the way you have changed my life."  
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"Thank you very much for your method of height increase. I am amazed. I spent only a few minutes each day and in 2 weeks I have gained 2 inches! It's fantastic."

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ACT NOW — Take your first step to height gain — Send for your free NEW HEIGHT® "HOW TO BE TALLER" secrets — NOW!

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Quickly BOOST your present height and stand IMPRESSIVE FULL INCHES TALLER — Achieve rapid height gain that's PERMANENT, SAFE and MEDICALLY APPROVED! Simply fill in the coupon and we will rush you your free "HOW TO BE TALLER" New Height® secrets. Enclose only 25¢ for handling — Don't delay, supply is limited.

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DETACH ALONG DOTTED LINE.

TEAR OFF HERE



Although they've won one victory the women aren't giving up. Still banned in New York are mixed tag team matches like this one (left) in Houston, Texas, involving Vittorio Apollo and Judy Grable against Louie Tillet and Toni Rose. If it's good enough for Houston—why not for New York, too?

won the 'Battle of New York' we're going to win the 'Battle of Tokyo.' Our sisters over there are allowed to wrestle but they're considered second class citizens. American girls have never been allowed to wrestle in Tokyo. Maybe we can change that, too."

There are two girl wrestlers who will not benefit from the ruling—the White Venus and Black Orchid. New York's ban on masked wrestlers still is in effect and applies to female masked wrestlers as well as males. "We're only halfway home as far as I'm concerned," the White Venus said. "The next thing that has to be changed is the ridiculous ban on masked wrestlers. Just as there was no logic in the banning of women—there's also no logic in banning masked wrestlers."

The biggest winners under the new ruling are, of course, the New York fans, many of whom have *never* seen a girls' match. Those in the New York City area have access to New Jersey girls matches but those are infrequent and often hard to get to. Fans near Buffalo can see the girls in Canada while those around Albany and points north have had to head for Massachusetts.

Reaction among New York fans was 100 percent in favor of the move. In fact, many said the positive action will spur them to get behind movements to force changes in other outdated restrictions.

"We've been working very hard to get masked wrestlers and battle royals into New York," said Robert DiPuma, head of an unofficial and unnamed group of wrestling fans work-



Two women who still cannot earn a living in New York are Black Orchid (above) and White Venus (right) because they're masked.



ing to modernize New York wrestling. "Now that fans have seen how effective petitions and letters can be we expect more and more of them to get involved with the movement to change the other restrictions. The girls have won a great victory. But it's no reason to stop. There are other reforms we want just as much."

Whether the change in attitude towards girl wrestlers is the beginning

of a liberalization of the New York State Athletic Commission's attitude towards other forms of wrestling remains a question mark. But the victory that has been won by the girls, whether or not it's a forerunner of other triumphs, is still in itself a historical event in wrestling. And both the girls who worked so hard as well as the fans who joined them deserve a hearty "well done." □



## CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 12)

New wrestlers hitting the Philadelphia scene include Mr. Fugi, a Japanese terror managed by The Grand Wizard. Wizard informs us, "I plan to team Fugi with Professor Tanaka. I'll have the next World Tag Team Champs!" ... The Spoiler is Lou Albano's new charger. Similar to Blackjack Mulligan in style, Spoiler's favorite hold is the Iron Claw. Albano says, "It's much more devastating than Mulligan's!"

### NEBRASKA NEWS

By Ron Weeks

Stan Pulaski tried to regain the Midwest title which he'd lost to "Golden Boy" Buddy Wolff in Omaha. Pulaski was at an immediate disadvantage as he entered the ring with a heavily bandaged hand—the result of an injury given to him by Chris Markoff just days before.

Wolff is known to get himself disqualified if he's on the verge of losing. As we all know, you can't lose a title on a disqualification. Pulaski was aware of that fact. So he insisted to the N.W.A. that Wolff give up his title if disqualified.

"I never try to lose that way," Wolff charged. "Just to prove my point I'll give Pulaski my title if the match ends that way. But Pulaski is chicken. He'll run from me throughout the match."

To satisfy Pulaski the N.W.A. also put a stipulation in the contract that they'd wrestle two out of three falls in a steel cage so Pulaski can't "run from me," as Wolff so aptly put it.



*Jerry Brisco is involved in a red-hot feud with Gorgeous George Jr., but Jerry's yet to earn a clear-cut win over him.*

When "Golden Boy" came into the ring he had the Midwest trophy with him. Buddy put this to good use as he attacked Pulaski instantly with a sharp end of the trophy and split Stan's head wide open! Stan collapsed—unconscious. The bell rang and all Wolff had to do was pin Pulaski. End of fall one.



*Dirty Dick Murdoch (left) is back in Florida after he lost a "loser leave town" bout a year ago. In a major upset, Dick defeated popular Boris Malenko, but he announced Jack Brisco's the guy he's after. "I won't rest until I end that bum's career," Dick said.*

Fall two saw Pulaski make a rousing comeback as he whipped Wolff all over the place and finally pinned him after giving the champ a series of piledrivers.

The third fall saw the advantage see-saw back and forth. At one point Wolff locked Stan in a crushing headlock and at the same time use his other hand to unwrap the long bandage on Pulaski's hand. Once he got most of it off, he wrapped it around Pulaski's throat and began choking! The referee immediately disqualified Wolff. Now we have a new Midwest champ—Stan Pulaski!

### FLORIDA HAPPENINGS

By Mary DeVries

and

Tom Goode

Jack Brisco is having a hard time trying to get a rematch with the man who Jack claims "illegally won the title from me because he used a low karate thrust." Films taken of the match disprove Brisco's claim as they show no evidence of an illegal blow.

Jack's brother, Jerry Brisco, is involved in a red-hot feud with Gorgeous George Jr. They've met on several occasions and each match has wound up in a draw.

Dick Murdoch has returned after losing a "loser leave town bout" almost a year ago. He is trimmer and no longer blond but just as brutal as ever. He shocked everyone by stopping Boris Malenko in his first bout. Now Murdoch says "I have a score to settle with Jack Brisco. I won't rest until I end his career!"

Eddie Graham proved to be a great teacher. His son Mike is showing how well he's learned. Mike is a well-built, strong, agile wrestler. In a recent match he made the much more experienced Ronnie Garvin run for cover. Mike's favorite hold is the figure-4-leglock. He's mastered it.

Tim Woods put his Southern State belt on the line against The Great Mephisto. It wasn't an easy match for Tim as he fell victim several times to Mephisto's foreign objects. But after snatching them from the Middle Eastern giant, Tim went on to victory.

Mike Webster and The Professional won the Florida tag team belts from Bob Roop and Boris Malenko. Roop and Malenko held the title for two months.

Bearcat Wright continues to beg promoters to get him a single match with Bobby Shane. Wright, who was in Los Angeles after spitting with Shane, flew back for the opportunity to meet Shane in a tag bout. But the bout never came off.

# How to get rich

How can you get rich some day? Make a hit record . . . a killing on the stock market . . . or invent a gadget like the hula hoop?

For most of us, these are just dreams. But have you ever stopped to think that there is a way to get rich—possibly only one sure way? Most fortunes, as you know, are made by people who own their own business.

Perhaps you've thought of starting a small business of your own . . . a franchised drive-in, or maybe a service business. Trouble is, you need \$10,000 to \$15,000 to get started and even then it's a gamble—with slim chance of ever making really big money.

But there is one business which could make you rich—almost overnight! And the beauty of it is, you can start on a shoestring during your spare time, even while holding your regular job.

## Cash by Mail

The business is Mail Order—and it's fabulous! Come up with a 'hot' new item . . . and WHAM!

It strikes like a bolt of lightning!

Suddenly, you are deluged with cash orders from all over the country . . . MORE MONEY than you could ever make in a lifetime!

Like the Vermont dealer who ran one ad in Sports Afield Magazine. His ad pulled 22,000 orders—over A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH!

There is no other business where you can make a fortune so quickly!

- A beginner from Newark, N.J. ran his first small ad in House Beautiful—offering an auto clothes rack. Business Week reported that his ad brought in \$5,000 in orders. By the end of his first year in Mail Order, he had grossed over \$100,000!

- Another beginner—a lawyer from the midwest, sold an idea by mail to fisherman. Specialty Salesman Magazine reveals, "he made \$70,000 the first three months!"

## Proof

It's a fascinating business! Running ads in newspapers and magazines . . . mailing gift catalogs . . . getting cash orders in your daily mail—steady as clockwork.

There is no other business where you can start on a shoestring and pyramid your profits—without investing in merchandise! One husband and wife mail order team took in \$40,000 selling one item. They obtained FREE ads in national magazines . . . didn't invest a cent in merchandise, and even got the supplier to ship all orders for them!

These exceptional cases are absolute proof that you can get rich in your own Mail Order business. Very rich. Even a U.S. Gov. Report stated: "A number of one-man Mail Order enterprises make up to \$50,000!"

Pick up any magazine. Notice how the same mail order ads are repeated

. . . month after month? That's concrete proof! You know those ads wouldn't be repeated over and over again—unless they were bringing in big cash profits to their owners.

## The Secret

The secret of getting rich in Mail Order lies in *financial leverage*. It's a little-known, almost secret method—using other people's capital to make money for you!

You can get thousands of dollars worth of advertising in big national magazines—without investing your own money! And you don't have to write a single ad. Tested and proven ads are prepared for you by experts. Reinvest the profits from your first successful ad—to get more, larger ads, and the profits begin to snowball! It's like building a chain of stores . . . each new store puts more money in your pocket.

You mail out beautiful catalogs which offer hundreds of dollars worth of fine, quality gifts—yet you don't invest one



The thrill of receiving money in your mail is one you'll never live off!

cent of your own money in merchandise! Your catalogs are printed with your name and address, so all orders come to you. Everything is "drop-shipped" for you, and there's up to 100% mark-up! You pocket the cash profits immediately—even before the orders are shipped to your customers!

Repeat orders alone, just from mailing catalogs, could bring you a steady income for the rest of your life!

Yes, Mail Order is the fastest-growing, most profitable business in Amer-

ica! And now, with more people moving to the suburbs . . . the population explosion . . . and the expanding teenage market . . . we are on the verge of the BIGGEST BOOM in Mail Order history!

Now, with the help and backing of Mail Order Associates, Inc., of Montvale, N.J., you can follow the same proven steps to Mail Order success—using the 'secret' of financial leverage!

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A recent feature article in Income Opportunities Magazine stated, "Mail Order Associates Inc., offers the most comprehensive Mail Order program ever offered to beginners." They go on to say, "This could be the opportunity you've been looking for. A chance to get in on the ground floor in a little-known business which we believe is on the verge of a new boom."

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We are now accepting a limited number of charter members in our new Mail Order Program. No previous experience is required but you must be over 21.

If you are sincerely interested in starting a profitable business of your own . . . if you can see the tremendous advantages which Mail Order offers . . . then ACT NOW!

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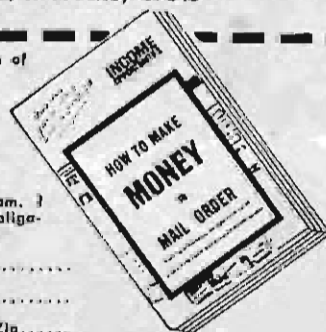
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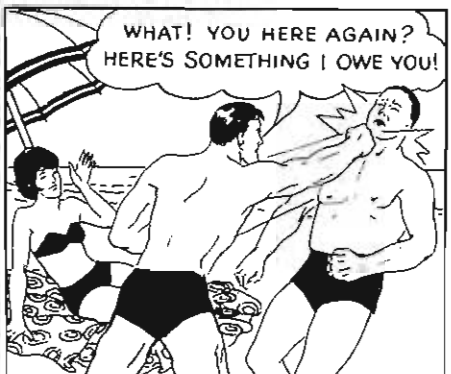
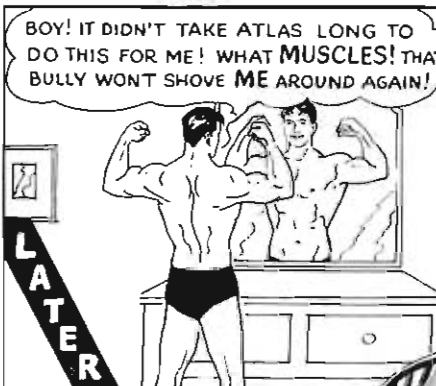
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